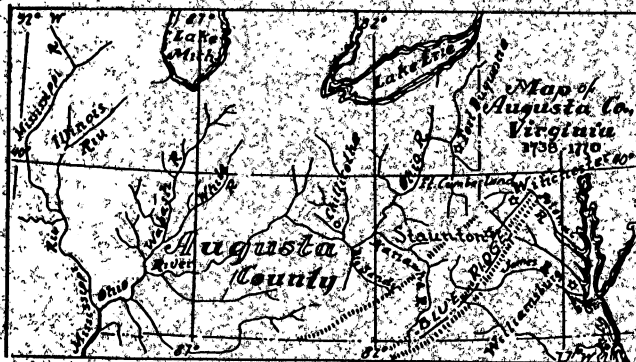


# AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN



JED HOTCHKISS

AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOLUME 34

FALL 1998

NUMBER 2

# AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY - 1998-2000

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# AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN

Published by the

AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Founded 1964

Post Office Box 686  
Staunton, Virginia 24402-0686



VOLUME 34

FALL 1998

NUMBER 2

Copyright 1998 by Augusta County Historical Society

ISSN: 0571-8899

600 Copies printed by

Mid Valley Press

Verona, Virginia

### NOTICE

Dues are assessed for each calendar year. Notices of dues are sent in November prior to the year in which due. This is done to allow you to pay and take the income tax deduction in the year you prefer. Members who have not paid by February first are re-billed. Members who have not paid by May first are dropped from membership.

It is urgent that the society be promptly notified of changes of address. Bulletins which cannot be delivered by the postal service will not be forwarded due to high postage rates.

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P.O. Box 686, Staunton, VA 24402-0686

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*Copies of this issue to all members*

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A purpose of the Augusta County Historical Society is to publish *Augusta Historical Bulletin* to be sent without charge to all members. Single issues are available at \$4 per copy.

The membership of the society is composed of annual and life members who pay the following dues beginning January.

Annual (individual) .....	\$15
Annual (family) .....	\$15
Annual (sustaining) .....	\$30
Life Membership .....	\$250
Annual (Institutional) .....	\$15
Contributing — Any amount	



## Jacob Yost Manuscript

*In the late 1920s, Jacob Yost, who was born in Staunton on April 1, 1853, wrote a memoir about his childhood and early manhood in and around Staunton. The document included especially a child's recollections of the Civil War in Augusta County. Mr. Yost's grandson, the Reverend John Merrell Gallagher of San Francisco, California, presented a copy of the manuscript to the Augusta County Historical Society.*

*The selection following is an edited and transcribed copy by the society's archivist, Richard M. Hamrick, Jr. The original version contains within it a second memoir that consists of a letter and an address by Margaret Stuart Robertson, which she shared with her old friend, Jacob Yost, in the 1920s. In the interest of space, this has been omitted from the Yost memoir, with the thought that the historical society might publish that in a future issue of the Bulletin.*

I was born in Staunton, Virginia, on April 1, 1853. Tradition has it that my paternal grandmother, who came into being with the Nineteenth Century and lived for ninety-two years, in anticipation of my arrival entertained great hopes that a prodigy was about to appear in the person of her first grandson, who would carry on the name of Yost and, God willing, crown it with the glory of a Methodist bishopric. Imagine then my grandmother's consternation when my arrival was timed coincident with the celebration of All Fools' day, and my first glimpse of this wicked world was through eyes that were crossed. This unthinkable answer to my grandmother's prayer and she a good Methodist, too – that the paragon she asked for and counted on, should be disguised beyond recognition. However, she bore her disappointment with Christian fortitude and never ceased to love me and want to do for me until the tired hands were folded and the loving heart was stilled. It was the more galling because my sister's birthday was February twenty-second, two years before, and she, except for sex, had fully met the fondest dreams of those who welcomed her. My sister was destined to change her name by marrying, the only worth-while destiny then open to the daughters of Eve

I came of good stock. Those who preceded me were not prominent in literature, in law, in art, or in science. They were simply, as a class, sturdy, unpretentious, honest, frugal and fearless. They met life's duties and responsibilities with calm and quiet courage, and when the summons came 'went unafraid into the presence of their God.' In war and in peace they played their part like men. They met the attacks of the savage. They were at the front in the Revolution. They followed Rogers and Clark into the wilderness and saluted the Flag at Vincennes. They served in the ranks in Mexico. They fought and died for the Confederacy. Their sons helped to uphold their country's cause in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in the World War. Not one of them was conspicuous and, so far as I know, not one of them shirked. In peace, they were workers and builders, law-loving, law-abiding, zealously performing their civic duties, fearing no man and courting no special favors. Few of them occupied representative positions, or sought political preferment. They had little part in the making of laws, except their choice of representatives. It was theirs to observe and uphold the law when made. In the communities in which they lived, and which they helped



to upbuild, they were trusted and their judgment respected. They did not scheme for leadership, but unflinchingly stood for what they deemed was right. In short, they were the sturdy pioneers who laid the foundation upon which the Nation's greatness was builded.

Remember, I am speaking of my family as a class. So far as I have heard, there were no real black sheep in the fold, but there were distinctly brown spots which occurred more than once. Their faults and frailties were about the average of similar groups of that time. One of the compensations of life is that in retrospection the bright spots stand out clearly, while the shadows are swallowed up in the mists of the forgotten.

The Yosts were of German extraction, the original spelling being Jost. The first of the line we have any record of was Jacob Jost, 1632-1707, who lived in Duchy Franconia, Upper Germany. His great-grandson, Casper, landed in Philadelphia, August 17, 1733, and was naturalised in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1751, at which time the spelling was changed from Jost to Yost. Casper's grandson, Isaac, was my grandfather and married Mary Miller Liggett about 1816.

Of the Liggett branch of the family I can say but little, except that my contact with the later representatives was closer than with any other line of kinsmen. I had no taste for genealogy and its study did not interest me. My grandmother was not a writer and seldom used the pen. Her mind, however, was a storehouse of folk-lore and her recollection of family history and past events was remarkable. Her mother was Catherine Miller of

German stock, the first of the name of whom we have record being Jacob Mueller, a Burgher of Zweibrücken, Germany. Four of his sons came to America in 1749, landing in Philadelphia. One of them, Jacob, crossed into Virginia and settled in the Shenandoah Valley. He must have been pretty clear-headed, for he picked the very cream of the valley, a section which for two hundred years has been famed for its fertility and natural beauty. In this garden spot he bought from Lord Fairfax, the



*This 1930s Staunton picture shows the house where Jacob Yost lived. The Yost house is the one with the porch facing toward Augusta Street (now Rask Florist). Photo courtesy of the Richard Hamrick Collection.*

original Grantee from the Crown, 400 acres, subsequently enlarged to 2,000 acres. In 1751 he laid out 1,200 acres in a town site, calling it "Millertown," afterward changed to "Woodstock."

From all I can learn, Isaac Yost was a sterling character. He was a carpenter and in his day was called a master builder. In the early 1830's he moved to Cincinnati and pursued his calling profitably until the great flood, in which numerous lives were lost and much property destroyed.

My grandfather was very active and prominent in the rescue work and from the exposure, contracted pneumonia and died. My grandmother brought her brood of little ones back to Virginia and settled in Harrisonburg. She was a woman of fine sense and strong character and managed to rear her children in comfort until they were old enough to fend for themselves. There were two girls and two boys, the youngest of whom was my father. The girls married and both the boys entered a printing office and became expert typesetters. They occasionally were allowed to make contributions to the columns of the journal on which they worked, each being fired with the ambition to own a newspaper. The elder, Jacob, migrated to New Orleans and died there unmarried. My father, Samuel M., after completing his apprenticeship in the *Rockingham Register* office (a paper of which years later he became half-owner), moved to Staunton and entered the office of the *Staunton Spectator* as typesetter and editorial contributor. He wrote well and attained quite a local reputation. In Staunton he met my Mother, Henrietta Cushing, whose father, Merrill Cushing, was looked upon as one of the leading citizens, prominent in civic affairs and highly respected and esteemed. He manufactured candy and had a candy store which was rather a resort for young girls until the young men also began to gather there. It was unseemly in that day for young ladies and young gentlemen to associate unchaperoned. Even in church they were separated by an aisle, across which, however, sly glances doubtless found their way . . . My mother, from the portrait we have of her and the accounts given me by those who knew her in her girlhood and young womanhood, was not only unusually attractive in person but was a beautiful character. Her marriage to my father was purely a love match. She was just sixteen and he had not attained his majority, his guardian's consent being required before he could secure a license. Their married life was brief but very happy. She was not strong and the children came fast. There were three of them when it was determined to shift to another climate, in the hope of arresting the decline which it was manifest had commenced. Just why Missouri was selected I do not know. Anyway, in 1856 my father bought the *Lexington (Missouri) Expositor* and thither the family moved. They did not even attempt housekeeping, but took up residence at the "Virginia Hotel" and within a few months my Mother's gentle spirit moved on to the house not made with hands.

In 1859 my Father married his second wife. The bride, Katherine du Bois Winfield, was a daughter of Dr. Richard Winfield, a leading physician and owner of large tracts of land in Rockingham County, Virginia.

My father had bought the *Staunton Vindicator* and for a residence the frame house which still stands on the northeast corner of Frederick and Augusta Streets. The lot extended more than half a block on Frederick Street and for about 100 feet or more on Augusta Street to what is now the Plecker building. On the east it adjoined that of the Reverend Dr. Latane, Rector of Trinity Episcopal church. His lot embraced nearly half a block on Frederick and New Streets. On it was a stately colonial mansion with large white pillars, fronting on Frederick Street and located about where the home of the Misses Lackey now stands. Our neighbor on Augusta Street was Miss Henrietta Brooks and her lot extended

from our line to the Catholic church property. That property, which covers half a square, then had on it only a small brick church. Now (1932) a stately stone edifice occupies the site and near it are two commodious brick parochial schoolhouses and a three story brick residence for the priests. On the lot my father owned are two stores underneath the original house, several on Augusta Street, and nearly half a block on Frederick Street is covered with four-story brick structures, housing stores, fraternity lodges and apartments. The Brooks' lot is covered by a four or five story brick apartment house, with stores on the ground floor. The Latane lot is still residential, the old mansion having given place to a modern brick residence built by William Patrick – now owned by the Misses Lackey, and to the George M. Cochran home. I mention these details that my children may somewhat realise the physical changes which have taken place in Staunton since my childhood.

As stated, Father had bought the *Staunton Vindicator*, one of the two weekly papers published in the town. The other was the *Staunton Spectator*, the champion of the Whig party. The *Vindicator* was recognised as the Democratic organ. Politics ran high and partisanship was bitter. The Whigs were distinctly in the majority and held themselves superior in personnel and riches. They controlled the County offices, which were lucrative and openly used for the benefit of the party and certain first families. The County Court was composed of the elected Justices of the Peace, the oldest in service presiding.

The year 1860 was one of intense political activity, the great issues being the preservation of the Union, or its dissolution, and the abolition of slavery. Mid amid these exciting times and at the mature age of seven, my political career commenced. To this day, I am not at all sure that my definite party alignment was not the result of open bribery. Mother's people were stanch Whigs, my uncle Ed Cushing being a leading member of that party. As the campaign progressed and the excitement grew. The children became infected, and to further their enthusiasm, my uncle gave each of his chaps a Bell and Everett (the Whig candidates) campaign button, of which they were very proud, and which they displayed to all and sundry. One day my sister came home from a visit to her uncle's and she, too, was decorated with a Bell and Everett button. Up to that time I was not fully satisfied as to which banner I should enlist under and half regretted I had not accompanied my sister on her profitable visit to my uncle. That night I told my father I did not think girls should be wearing political buttons and mildly suggested that a certain small boy should show his colors. The next day he presented me with a very handsome Douglas and Johnson (the Democratic candidates) button which had cost a quarter and was much more decorative than the ten-cent article my sister had acquired. That fixed my party allegiance. Then shortly after, the great Stephen A. himself came to Staunton. I can not remember whether he made a public speech or not. He was entertained by Colonel Mike Harman, and about a dozen prominent Democrats, including Father, were invited to meet him at dinner. The Harman boys, Ash and Alex, were friends of mine and had greatly admired my button. They told me if I would come up to the house I might get a chance to see Douglas at close range. With my grandmother's consent, I was arrayed, not forgetting the decoration, and marched by myself to the Harman's. At that time the Harman lot covered a whole square on Gospel Hill, fronting on Main Street and bordered by Coalter. The house was of brick and had many gables, and on each side of the front door was a large iron dog. Those dogs always fascinated me. Upon this memorable occasion we boys were not expected in the dining-room, but had a luncheon in the Colonel's brick office which fronted on Coalter Street, intending later to go up and peep through the window at the great guest. To our delight, the Colonel himself came to the office and said he wanted us to come with him to the house and shake hands with Douglas. With thrilling hearts we stepped out and the

Colonel formally presented us to the next president of the United States, a form of introducing a presidential candidate which, I take it, has not varied for a hundred years. Every candidate for that office is the "next President."

My first recollection of the Civil war is the embarkation of the two Staunton military organisations, called to the front by President Jefferson Davis. These companies were the West Augusta Guards, commanded by Captain William Baylor, subsequently promoted to colonel and killed in battle, and the Staunton Artillery, under Captain John D. Imboden, who wore the stars of a general when the war ended. Both were crack companies of the ante-bellum militia, and were the pride of the section. In their gaudy dress-parade uniforms they were gods to the small boys. Three of the printers in my father's office – Joe Ryan, Jake Rosenberger, and Joe Valentine – were members of the Guards, and in the reflected light of their martial splendor I basked. The whole town gathered to see the troops entrain. Fortunately, I secured a lookout position on the upper porch of the American Hotel, which fronted the railroad and gave me an unobstructed view of the dense crowd that thronged around the station. The only apprehension expressed among us boys was that these warriors would not get to the front before the war was over. Those miserable Yankees would not fight. They could make wooden nutmegs and swap Barlow knives, but would run as fast as their legs could carry them at the sight of Southern gentlemen who intended to teach them their proper place. Muskets and the glittering sword were unnecessary. Corn-stalks would be quite sufficient for the purpose. Whether these optimistic views were shared by the elders I do not know, but certainly they were firmly held by the small boys. I can remember no single tear that was shed or parting word of warning as the train drew out. The crowd was hilarious. The soldiers would have a picnic and return in a short time to laugh over the remembrance of fleeing Yankees and display the trophies they would bring back,

Whether my father disposed of his paper or simply discontinued its publication, I do not know. His office was depleted almost to extinction and he had entered the Confederate service as Regimental Quartermaster, afterward Brigade Quartermaster, with rank of Major.

My next recollection is of the excitement and bustle of war preparations. Recruits were pouring into town; new companies and regiments were organised, drilled and mustered into service; fiery orators were fairly exploding with patriotic eloquence; the women were making flags, picking lint, knitting socks, and in other ways marshaling into service their unto that time unsuspected capabilities for work with their hands and executive direction.

Meantime we boys were not asleep. The war spirit had entered our very souls. It found expression in the organisation of gangs – we called them companies – which, in the absence of a common enemy, were pitted against each other. The membership of these several gangs was fixed by residence, each corporate division of the town having its representative designated by some high-sounding title – "The Irish Alley Terrors;" "The Newtown Guerrillas;" "The Gospel Hill Cavaliers;" "The Gallowstown Toughs;" "The Frogtown Invincibles," each identifying itself with the geographical divisions into which the town was separated. Main Street was recognised as the general border-line east and west, with Augusta north and south. Unfortunately for my peace of mind and physical well-being, my home corner of Frederick and Augusta Streets was on the extreme frontier of the Gospel Hill territory and I belonged to that company, Ash Harman commanding. One square south was Main Street, over which the "Irish Alley Terrors" claimed sway; two squares north the Gallowstown dead-line were drawn, and just across Augusta Street the "Frogtown Invincibles" stood guard. So the territory of my operations was very limited. The "Cavaliers" would fight, but they generally got licked, The hostile force on either side was not only numerically superior but better versed in the science of war. They knew how

to handle their fists and finger nails with consummate skill and did it. Individually, I can not remember ever having earned a laurel wreath in single combat with an "Irish Alley Terror," or a "Gallowstown Tough," but rarely did I emerge from the battle undecorated—a bruised eye and finger-nail-scarred face bore witness that I had not been fondling the dove of peace.

"Stuart's Meadow," [in Staunton] was dark and bloody ground, but it was very real to me. During the Civil war the troops who followed Lee and Jackson were not the only warriors. From '61 to '64 there were 'gangs' of youngsters in Staunton from eight to twelve years old who had their prescribed geographical boundaries which they valiantly defended or recklessly attacked. War's spirit was rampant. The weapons were fists and finger nails, and stones and sticks, and the boy who went home at night without a black eye or scratched face thought he had been neglected that day. The most formidable and feared of all the 'gangs' was that of 'Irish Alley,' by which euphonious designation what is now West Johnson Street, from Augusta to Church, was then known.

Stuart's Meadow held an irresistible magnet — a swimming hole — into which one could dive head foremost from the bank. It was located within the territory of 'Irish Alley' and guarded not only by the Irish but by the law, made and promulgated by Mayor Trout, and enforced as best it could be by the entire police force which consisted of Cinthy Kurtz, a hunchback, in whose bent and misshapen body there beat as warm a heart as God Almighty ever made. In those days such a thing as a bathing-suit was unknown, and the appearance of boys in the original raiment of nature was objected to by some of the ladies who strolled along Church Street. So Mayor Trout forbade the use of the swimming hole, and Cinthy was directed to enforce the decree firmly. And so between the 'Irish' and the police it was a perilous undertaking for an 'outsider' to enjoy a plunge. But what boy could resist the drawing power of a swimming hole, especially if he infringed upon forbidden ground? My special chums were Tom Barkman (whose widowed mother was one of the finest women I ever knew and baked the best sorghum gingercakes I ever ate) and Purviance Tams. One day we three determined at all hazards to have a swim. We went out Church Street and scrambled down the steep decline to the stream below. The banks of which were high and hid us from view, as soon as their shelter could be reached. We had just disrobed when out of the earth, it seemed, Cinthy appeared, stationed between our unclad selves and the pile of clothes we had hidden in a near-by depression. He summoned us to come forth. There was no chance what-ever to evade. Had we resorted to our heels, the usual refuge from danger, the chances were we would have run into the 'Irish' with consequences, in our unprotected condition, too distressing to contemplate. So we crawled out of the water, dressed, and were marched to the Mayor's office. Mayor Trout was a grim humorist. He looked stern and formidable, but, I take it, there was always a glint of fun in his eye, though on my first appearance before him I failed to detect it. In an authoritative tone, he asked Cinthy what was the charge against these offenders. Cinthy explained. "Well," said His Honor, "they must pay a fine or go to jail." Cinthy replied that the jail was pretty full, as the night before a lot of Yankee prisoners had been brought in, but he supposed there would be room enough to crowd in three small boys. Turning to the culprits, His Honor asked, "Well, what have you to say?" Tams, who had once before been in the clutches of the law, from which his Father had extricated him and then continued the case in the wood-shed, promptly replied, "Send me to jail." It was a daring declaration, and I longed to repeat it, but my courage failed as I thought of being thrust in among the hoofs and horns of those desperate bluecoats, so I weakly replied that my father was in the Army but I thought my grandmother would pay the fine, only I didn't think she had the money.

Tom Barkman made a somewhat similar plea. The Mayor, as an alternative, demanded bail for good behavior in the future. Again we were against a stone wall, until Cinthy stepped up and said he had some property and he supposed, under the circumstances, he would have to stand for us. He asked the amount of the bond. "Fifteen thousand dollars apiece," the Mayor responded. "Oh, well," said Cinthy, "that's a whole lot of money, but they are pretty good boys and I know won't go back on me." And so our criminal careers, for the time being, ended.

One other episode of the 'gang' warfare was burnt into my memory. Miss Hattie Black taught a boys' and girls' school in the home of Mr. Hawkins, situated half-way up 'Imboden's Hill,' as it was then known, now North Market Street. The plays and pastimes were all military — nothing was thought of but war. Of course, the boys of the school organized a company and with paper hats and wooden muskets drilled and paraded, and dreamed of killing Yankees. One day the girls announced they were going to make a beautiful flag for the company. Kate Turner, daughter of old Professor Turner, the leader of the Stonewall band would make the presentation and I on behalf of the company, was designated to receive the flag. Flag presentations were not uncommon, especially in '61 and '62 when new regiments were being formed and fiery, patriotic orators vied for the chance to pour forth their fervid eloquence. Knowing the duty which awaited me. I was a constant attendant at these ceremonies, absorbing not only the spirit, but the very words which I was preparing to plagiarize. And so, when the time came and the flag was placed in my hands, I swore by all the mythological gods and with all the strength of my nine years that its folds should never trail in the dust; that as long as there were a drop of blood in my veins it should proudly wave; that only over my dead body should it be desecrated by vandal hands, etc., etc. Then, amid the beating of drums and the handclapping of the girls, the company proudly marched to the top of the hill, its sacred banner flung to the breeze, and the swelling bosom of its bearer almost bursting with pride. And then out from ambush rushed the whole 'Irish Alley' gang, its captain, tough Neil McLaughlin, and his first lieutenant, big Patsy Nelligan, seizing me before I realised what the trouble was and tying my hands behind me, the balance of their followers surrounding the company and compelling its surrender before a single blow in defense of the flag could be struck. They marched us down Main Street and, to complete the humiliation, ostentatiously trailed the captured banner through the dust. A little while after we had reached the prison pen in "Irish Alley," Cinthy appeared and we were paroled. With bowed head and bruised heart, I sneaked home through the back alleys and prayed for death. That night I was tortured. After all my boasting and protestations of valor, the flag had passed to hostile hands, and I had not even a scar, a scratch, or a bruise to show that it had been defended. In my self-pity the tears came and I thought how much better it would have been to die on the battle-field, and I pictured myself in my flag-draped coffin, whilst mourning friends told of my heroism and how I had kept the pledge so solemnly given, even to the bitter end. And then the thought of going back to school and meeting the taunts of those who had trusted me so unreservedly. Talk of the trials of manhood. They can not compare with the tribulations of the very young. Between that day and this I have passed through deep waters and under the shadow of a great sorrow, but nothing in a long and not restful life has ever touched the agony of soul that marked that tragic 'wartime' experience. All this brought [on by a] reference to Stuart's Meadow—an open field extending for squares, as I first knew it, now covered with homes and business buildings.

As I think . . . old friends of fifty years ago come tramping past, a goodly company, nearly all of whom have gone to return no more, leaving fragrant memories and recollections

that we love to cherish. Among them John Stout, Bill Patrick, Claggett Jones, Jim Brooks, and, knightliest of them all, Archie Stuart. He was the youngest and a born leader. Had his precious life been spared, his name would have been writ high upon the scroll of fame. Only Alex Robertson and Armistead Gordon linger in the old surroundings, and few remain besides. So far as I know, I am the oldest native son.

[During the Civil War] the gang warfare gradually died out, for the real war was pressing for attention. Daily the streets resounded to the tread of marching troops, the rumbling of heavy cannon wheels, the slow dragging of wagons, the hurrying of ambulances. In the lower valley battle raged and the wounded were sent by hundreds to the rear. The Blind Institution was converted into a hospital, whence many of the convalescent found refuge in private homes and many more, their sufferings ended, followed the muffled drum to peace in the soldiers' section of Thornrose. We boys soon became accustomed to the sight of mangled bodies, as the ambulances discharged their gory burdens. Our morbid curiosity was glutted. But the thrill came in a dashing troop of cavalry passed through, gaily chanting a war-song, and led by an officer in broad-brimmed hat, held up on one side by red rosettes, from which a long ostrich plume streamed. And then, if the marching regiment was handed by a brass band, the enthusiasm grew to fever-heat. In the romp of war the grim realities were forgotten.

Captain Marquis organised a home-guard company of boys from sixteen up. Several who enrolled had been members of one or more of the 'gangs.' When they appeared on parade uniformed and bearing real muskets, the martial spirit flamed. If one gangster could be a soldier, why not all? To be sure some of the smaller ones had sense enough to realise that a musket was too heavy for them to handle, but what was the matter with pistols? Marsh Byers and I gave deep thought to the subject. His mother and my grandmother, we knew, would never consent to our joining the army, so what was the use of asking permission? Marsh had a pony that would carry double, and we could take turns in the saddle. General Jackson, we had heard, was west of Staunton, and we estimated it would take two days to reach him. All that we needed was two days rations and half a bushel of corn for the pony. Marsh knew where to get the corn – and I knew the way to the pantry. The season was propitious – next day was baking day at home, and there was usually a chunk of ham left over. So it was arranged that two days after the plan was perfected Marsh would come about daylight, give the well-known vocal signal, and I would meet him. I had secured an old army haversack, and as soon as it was light enough to see, I loaded up a stock of provisions, not overlooking a small blackberry pie, and joined the other hero. Two hours later we rode into West View and, to my consternation, my father was about the first person we met. It was 'Mudwall' Jackson's Brigade (to which my father was temporarily attached) and not 'Stonewall' Jackson's as we supposed, that was retreating from McDowell. Astonished, my father asked what we were doing there, and I told some preposterous lie (I could have done better had time been given me to think) and burst into tears. He didn't say much but called a big black negro to get a mule and carry me home, telling him I was to ride behind him, and he was to take the rein of Marsh's bridle and lead the pony. And thus the military procession returned. We tried to bribe the negro to let us off at the corporate limit, but had nothing to offer, our commissary having been confiscated at West View and our personal credit, which we freely tendered, being below par. You may imagine the glee of some of the gang when they saw the parade and guessed what had happened, but you can not imagine the humiliation of those two veterans.

Not long after this my father bought a farm on Middle River, six miles away, and Grandmother, Sister and I moved out, the rest of the family continuing at the town house.

This broke off my intimate connection with war until it was nearly over, as the country was comparatively quiet and our place not on the main artery of army operations as the Valley Pike. Our removal to the farm opened a new world. I had always lived in town and knew little of country life. It was a good terra of two hundred acres, just across the river from Schutterlee's Mill. The improvements were a two-story, four-room brick house, to which was attached a frame ell of six rooms, a large bank barn and numerous outbuildings. The house faced a long level meadow around which the river curved. The place was well stocked – horses, cows, sheep and hogs. The family comprised my grandmother, sister and me, and there were three negro men – Big John, Little John and Dick; three women – 'Aunt' Alice, 'Aunt' Nellie and Nancy, and two or three picaninies. Big John was the head of the farm force and managed the other two men firmly but kindly. In the absence of any white man they obeyed him without demur, although as a general rule darkies did not like an overseer of their own race. Aunt Alice was the big black 'Mammy' and presided over the kitchen; Nancy (she was too young for a pre-fix) was housemaid; and 'Aunt' Nellie my grandmother's general helper. She knew how to spin, to weave, to make clothes, and to be generally useful about the house and dairy. Regularly Big John came to my grandmother, ostensibly to receive orders, but really to tell what he was doing or intended to do about the farm. She (Grandmother) knew nothing whatever about farming, but relied implicitly on Big John's judgment, industry and loyalty. She did not tell him this, but Big John knew intuitively that 'Ole Miss' was not only his mistress but his friend.

I can not recall an instance of any of my father's slaves being physically chastised, unless it be that Mammy's cuff on the kinky heads of her progeny could be so termed. On one occasion which comes back to me, she did not confine her delicate attentions to her own race. Shortly after moving to the farm, I struck up an acquaintance with two white boys about my own age, whose parents were common laborers of the neighborhood and went out to hire by the day. We were playing in the public road in front of the house when Mammy spied us. She came out furious, and not too gently snatched me into the yard, saying, "Go back dar whar you belongs," meaning among the little darkies, "What you mean by 'sociatin' wid po' white trash?"

To my infinite delight, horses abounded. In addition to those used on the farm and a pair of black bobtail ponies father had bought from General Imboden, one of which became my own possession, the confederate Government pastured a number of horses and mules, recruiting from hard service, in the big meadow. One day Sister and I concluded to take a ride. My pony, which had been turned out, was so hard to catch and other horses in the field appeared so tame that we took from the stable a riding bridle and started out to make it useful. In the meadow was a huge apple tree, the fruit of which was very sweet, and both horses and children loved it. On the way we gathered some sticks and managed to knock down three or four of the apples which we ostentatiously held out, calling, 'Cope! Cope!' as we approached the horses. One of them, a handsome bay, came fearlessly forward and, as Sister slowly fed him the apples and scratched his forehead (most horses and dogs love to have their heads scratched). I slipped the bridle over and got the bit in his mouth. There was not the slightest effort to escape, the horse seeming to understand that he was playing his part in a childish game. We led him out of the meadow into the public road and up close to the side of the fence. I climbed on and sister got up behind, sitting sideways. She was twelve years old and in that day no girl ever thought of riding astride, even on a stick horse – a lady never unsexed herself. We rode for two miles, crossing three fords of the winding river, and had just got to the home of Mr. Dunlap, when down the road came Little John at a sweeping gallop. His black face turned ashen as he recognised the horse we were rid-



ing. It was one of such evil reputation that the government representative who had delivered the stock to the farm had warned the receiver (who happened to be Little John) that it was a vicious animal and had to be handled very carefully and by an expert. Swiftly we were transferred to the horse on which Little John had followed us, and he put his saddle on our recent mount. He had scarcely got on before he was landed on the ground by a vicious plunge, and the author and finisher of this acrobatic feat stood calmly by and surveyed his prostrate victim. But Little John was plucky, and again mounted. Without further objection the horse moved quietly off as if he bore no malice and was perfectly satisfied with the day's work. When we reached home and Little John made his report to my grandmother, the adventure lost nothing in the telling, and "Ole Miss", he added, "when I cotched up wid 'em, dar was Miss Pet sotten up on de 'rong side." This appendix to the report may need explaining to a later and less refined generation. In the days of which I write the side saddle was in universal use by the fair equestriennes. The girth was buckled on the left side of the horse, and into the single stirrup the left foot of the rider was inserted. Across the pommel the right limb (legs were unmentionable) was curved. Thus the extremities of the lady rider, even if she were mounted on a pillion, never appeared on the right side of the horse. Well Little John knew this, and the breach of propriety on the part of his young mistress was too great a scandal to carry in his own bosom.

In the 1860's and early 1870's girls rode well and fearlessly. Their seat in the saddle was steady and to the rhythmic movement of their steeds they swayed, and horse and rider became one. Their appearance on horseback was floating grace personified. And yet, as we see it now, they must have been heavily handicapped. From the closely fitting cap trailed a long ostrich plume; their trim bodies were tightly compressed into an hour-glass shape, and from the waist was suspended a riding habit so long that even from the back of a horse it almost touched the ground. Unmounted, its wearer gathered up the end of the voluminous fold, careful never to expose an ankle, and minced along in shoes that were generally about two sizes too small.

Prior to coming to the country I had never attended school except for one short session in the primary department of Miss Hattie Black's Boys' and Girls' School, housed in the Staunton home of Mr Hawkins, her brother-in-law. But I was not backward for one of my age. My foster-parents in Missouri had taught me to read and to sign my own name to letters to my father which they wrote at my dictation. Later, lessons were continued under the direction of some member of the family. In the country I was introduced to the traditional log school-house. The teacher was Fred. Alfred, an ex-printer, too old and infirm to serve in the army. The school-house was about three miles from home by way of a public road, but less than half that distance by a short cut through the woods. Generally I walked and used the latter. My almost daily companion was a boy named Bee Money-maker who lived in the neighborhood. We would make an early start in the morning, loitering along, throwing rocks at birds, digging out ground-squirrels, which Bee's little dog would run into their holes, and otherwise performing the natural functions of healthy boys. Strange to say, I never remember as a child to have owned a dog or cared to have one. Nor can I recall any particular incidents of my scholastic career in the log school-house, except that there I first encountered grammar — Smith's Primary English Grammar — and felt proud of my entrance into the higher walks of learning. As was the custom in that day, tuition was paid and the teacher boarded around with his patrons, that is, he would accompany a different boy or girl to his or her home and remain over night, thus coming in contact with the parents and, at the same time, saving any expense for board. For the week-end — from Friday evening to Monday morning — he would usually select the home where he knew from expe-

rience the fare suited him, and the surroundings were most congenial. I think he came oftener to our house than to any other. But he was never regarded as an intruder and a cordial welcome always awaited him. In his wanderings as a tramp printer, he had visited many sections and many cities, and loved to tell of his experiences and impressions. He was intelligent and a good talker and kept abreast of current events, especially political events, for even in the midst of war politics ran high. Not infrequently officers in the army forgot the common enemy to engage in a duel brought about by political differences.

My sister attended 'Kalorama,' a 'Select Young Ladies' Seminary,' in Staunton, taught by the Misses Sheffey and Hanson, and drawing patronage not only from Virginia but from other Southern states. Invariably on Friday afternoon the light two-horse carriage was driven into town by one of the darkies, when he could be spared, or not infrequently by me, who, although a mere child of ten or eleven, knew how to drive and was trusted to handle a quiet double team. For the week-end two or three of her schoolmates came home with Sister and enjoyed the outing in the country. Sometimes, instead of the girls, two of my town chums — Tom Barkman and Purviance Tams — would be the guests and we boys would have a great time riding, fishing and roaming through the woods and fields. The darkies were always delighted to have company in the house, but 'Mammy' was never certain about the future of Purviance Tams. She didn't think he had a chance to amount to much, for he had always had a white nurse and only black mammies knew how to raise 'chillun.' Purviance's father was a banker, born and reared in the North, who had married a Southern girl, the daughter of Judge Smith, of Rockingham County, and had come from Philadelphia to Staunton to make his home. His was the only prominent family I knew of in my childhood that employed white servants. As I remember, there were at least half a dozen of them, not counting the children, and all were Irish.

*(Here are omitted several pages of discourse on the race relations of the day and discussion of the reasons for the Shenandoah Valley being a prime target for the Union forces)*

But the invaders pressed until in '64 Hunter's army reached beyond Staunton leaving behind it, especially in the lower valley, a trail of desolation. From Harrisonburg northward the barns and mills within range of the Valley Pike — the army artery — were burned with all their contents that could not be used by the invaders. The fences vanished in the campfires of both armies.

My first glimpse of the bluecoats, out of captivity, was when a squadron of Hunter's army raided our home. I had not been a witness to the burning of the foundry and mill, and blowing up of the heavy stone arches of the railroad bridges in Staunton, which marked Hunter's advance. I saw the ruins a day or two later and heard harrowing stories of that day and night of terror. Advised of the probable appearance of the Yankees, my grandmother made hasty preparations to hide the silver and small valuables about the house, and to refuge the horses and what remained of the other live stock, the exaction of the Confederate Government having already made heavy inroads upon it. Under the direction of Big John a wagon was loaded with supplies and he and the other two black men drove to a deep wooded hollow some two miles from any public road and established a camp into which all the horses were brought, except my pony and several colts too young to be of any service. I went with the cavalcade, so as to locate it, and then returned to the house, hiding my pony in a cut-off at the end of the stable under the barn, which was intended for a harness-room, and which was so inconspicuous as to be not readily noticeable.

It was in the early afternoon and I was taking a nap, having been up later than usual the night before. I was awakened by a noise in the yard and looking out of the window saw

my grandmother holding at bay about a dozen or more Yankees in front of the smoke-house door. They were good-natured and were laughing at her efforts to bar them from the spoils. At first I was terror-stricken, but it gradually dawned on me that if they would not hurt Grandmother they would not hurt me, so I mustered up courage and went out to the smoke-house. By this time the door had been opened and the lines of sides and shoulders of bacon suspended from the beams were revealed. "Old Lady, where are the hams?" was asked. "That meat is good enough for any one," was the reply. Just then another soldier cried out, "Here they are," and half removed the top of a hogs-head crammed with beautifully cured hams. With great glee each of the Yankees grabbed two and, using the leather straps of their saddles, balanced then across the back of their horses which had been hitched to the yard fence. Meantime, Grandmother (who was a real diplomat) had ordered Mammy to bake a lot of biscuits. The darkey women were far more frightened than I, and that is saying a great deal. Soon after securing the hams, big pans of biscuits were brought out, with a pot of apple-butter and crocks of sweet and sour milk, and those Yankees, who had probably not tasted home cooking for many a month, set to with a will and gorged themselves. At the end of the feast they felt so good that further search of the premises was perfunctory. They rode off in fine humor. We looked for a return next day, but it did not come, the main body of the Federal army having been driven back by the Confederates.

Shortly afterward, as I remember, came my first real realisation of the hardships of war. Prior to that, there had always been plenty of food and, as I knew little of luxury, its absence did not particularly bother me. The town house was closed; my stepmother and her two small daughters had been added to the farm family and my sister had left school and was at home. More than half the products of the farm were conscripted for the army and paid for in Confederate money; food on the table became scarce and the darkies were rationed. As issue of Confederate currency followed issue, its purchasing value diminished. Shinplasters of small denominations were put forth by individuals, redeemable in Confederate money in sums of not less than \$5.00. I remember two such issues. One by William A. Burke and one by Henry H. Peck, both substantial citizens. Mr. Peck was the sheriff and lived at the jail. The emitters of these issues profited by the fact that very few individuals accumulated a sufficient number of these fractional notes to make up a total of \$5.00, and many of them were lost and never turned up. Those unredeemed were clear gain to their obligors.

A more recent reminder of this monetary system was a specimen of another issue of this period. For years it was posted at the receiving teller's window in the National Valley Bank, (*Ed. Note, now Crestar*) at Staunton, and for aught I know may still be seen there. In substance, it read:

For value received PETER INDEPENDENCE KURTZ promises to pay to the bearer the just and full sum of twenty-five cents, payable in blackberries next summer if the crop is good.

"Pete" Kurtz was a whimsical local character – a vagabond whom everybody liked and laughed at. Without visible means of support, he shambled along the street, generally crooning some made-up tune, the words of which were unintelligible. In personal appearance he was very untidy, to put it mildly, and his apparel never lacked ventilation. His fund of natural wit was by no means small. It was keen and never malicious. His currency issue was doubtless intended as a burlesque, but in the end its market value was standardised with that of its fellows – the common equal being zero.

An incident of my own experience as a financier of that period comes back to me. Just a few weeks before the surrender a generous friend had given me a guinea-hen for my very

own and I determined to fittingly celebrate the event. I saddled my pony and tying the guinea behind, hied to town. There I hunted up my chums – Tom Barkman and Purviance Tams – revealed my purpose. There was not the slightest hesitation upon their part and together we went to the restaurant, corner of New Street and Court-house Alley, run by Hans Scherer, a German, and offered to sell him the fowl. He was ready for a trade and, terms having been agreed upon he handed me \$75.00 in Confederate notes. Momentarily, we were aghast at the great wealth, but having already determined upon its investment, not an instant was consumed in deliberation. Here, unconsciously, my financial acumen was disclosed. In our eagerness to get to Mag Cease's Confectionery, we started to run, so there was not enough time for the currency to depreciate in transit. Mag Cease's shop was on Main Street just a few doors east of Augusta. On arrival, we made a close and comprehensive survey of his entire stock and concluded to invest in all three lines on display. We bought six sorghum ginger-cakes, three sticks of toffy (also sorghum) and a pint of peanuts. The latter were a rare luxury and were imported from Eastern Virginia. The soil of Augusta County was not adapted to their production.

I can not say that we were filled to repletion, or that inwardly we suppressed the yearning cry of *Oliver Twist*. But it was a great feast, nevertheless. Afterward, it came to us in dreams and now it comes to me across the gulf of nearly seventy years.

As the gloom of eternal night settled deeper and deeper about the Confederacy, the condition of the non-combatants grew more and more uncomfortable. Food became scarcer, clothes were repatched, and all but the bare necessities were relegated to the realm of things that were not. The visits of Confederate representatives in search of food and supplies began to be dreaded almost as much as the raids of the Yankees. The little that escaped conscription by the military authorities and was not absolutely necessary to the home family subsistence was boxed up and forwarded to individual members thereof – soldiers at the front or divided with those in the neighborhood who had practically nothing. The government had arranged to forward without cost boxes of provisions delivered to the railroad station addressed to individual soldiers, and which represented the sacrifice and love of those at home. Later even this privilege was denied. In the terrible siege of Petersburg, where the Confederates staggered under sheer starvation, the encompassing Federal forces cut off all communication with the outside and the meager trickle of food from home ceased entirely.

Then came the news from Appomattox. General Lee had surrendered and the war was over. I refused to believe it and indignantly denied that such a thing could be. But soon its truth was revealed – even to my childish understanding – by the appearance of scattered groups of returning Confederates ragged-foot-sore and half starved – staggering toward their former homes – begging by the wayside from those already beggared – and often appropriating without leave whatever could be used to fill their empty stomachs.

When I contrast these scenes with those I witnessed in after years, when the veterans of other wars came marching home with bands playing – banners streaming – and banked sidelines wildly cheering. I somewhat realise how long I have lived and how marked the difference is between the return of conqueror and conquered, and the contrast broadens when I contemplate the attitude of those who came back then and that of some who came back more recently toward the government in behalf of which they served. The old rebels returned to desolated homes; to children half starved; to lands laid waste; and to a future which only true courage and manhood could face without despair. There was little whining about the sacrifices they had made in defense of their country and their loved ones. They tried to forget the past, and by their own unaided efforts to slowly, doggedly build



up a new life. And they did it. Today the country resounds with the clamorous demands of so-called veterans of the world wars some of whom never fired a gun or got within sound range of cannon. Inspired by demagogues who want votes and by yellow journalism that wants circulation- they march in Veteran Bonus armies upon Washington making preposterous demands upon the pension system and creating a feeling of disgust at the very name of veteran. Far from representing that splendid body of Americans who added lustre to their country's name during the World wars they disgrace it.

A few mornings after the surrender we awoke to find that all the black men had departed during the night in search of the freedom they had heard so much about leaving the women and children to the support and care of Ole Miss. It was but a short time until two of them came back - Little John, in reciting his experiences - said "de Yankees" had treated him moughty queerly, he had been asked to a meal and, expecting to be directed to the kitchen, had looked forward to a real filling up, of which he was in sore need. Instead, he was told to sit at the table with the whites. In describing his sensations, he said, "Ole Miss, I sot dar, but I dn't eat a bite. I tole myself dat a white pusson what wanted to sociate wid a darkey was a pusson no 'spectable darkey cud knowd." A day or two afterward father got home and told Little John he would hire him and pay him wages. Little John didn't know what wages were, but was glad to come back if "Marse Sam would let him." At the end of the month Father called him up and handed him money - how much I do not know. It was gold which the Valley Bank, just before the exodus had hidden, and the house in which it was stored had burned. The coin recovered was blackened by smoke and fire. Anyhow, gold was a curiosity to me, and I could not understand what Father meant by giving money to darkies who had no use for it. Little John was equally puzzled, but his white teeth gleamed as he pocketed the treasure. In the summer of 1865 Father bought a half interest in the *Rockingham Register*, and the family moved to Harrisonburg. My stepmother and her three babies were quartered at Hill Hotel until a suitable home could be secured, and grandmother, Sister and I went to the home of Father's sister, Aunt Kate Sprinkle.

Whilst I did not start to school until September, my education was not neglected. I had much to learn and the teaching was conducted with painstaking emphasis. The boys supplied the emphasis and I took the pain. In addition to being initiated into boys' sports, such as Town Ball and the like, of which I knew nothing, for boys who lived in the country recreated in riding, fishing, swimming, and throwing rocks at birds and other objects, I was inducted into the thrilling Joy of dime-novel reading, and my life was never the same.



## "A Highly Prosperous Village:" A History of Mt. Sidney

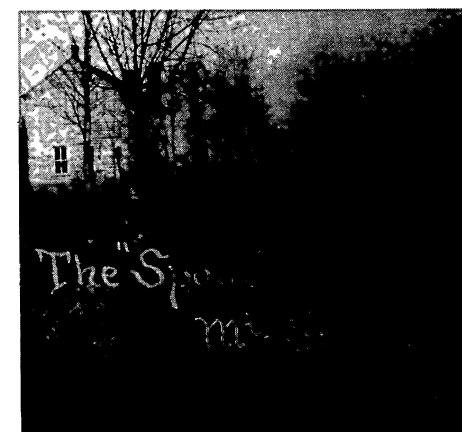
by Ann McCleary  
September 1998

In his *Economic and Social Survey of Augusta County*, written in 1928, Clay Catlett wrote that "mention should be made of Mt. Sidney not because of any especial distinction that it might possess but rather because it is more or less typical of so many of our county's little communities."<sup>1</sup> Even today, Mt. Sidney is very typical of the many turnpike towns that once lined the Valley Turnpike, both in its architecture and in its history. However, it also has a special distinction of being one of the best-preserved rural villages in Augusta County. Traveling along the main road and wandering along its back streets and alleys, studying its buildings and searching for its archaeological sites, we can learn much about the history of the county and the broader Shenandoah Valley region.

By the early part of the nineteenth century, a small commercial center had emerged in this location ten miles north of Staunton along the old wagon road. An inn and post office serviced the needs of the growing number of families who settled here and of the many travelers along this main travel artery through the western Shenandoah Valley.<sup>2</sup>

Recognizing the commercial potential of this location, Hugh Glenn and Henry Roland platted the town of Mt. Sidney in April of 1826 on lands that they owned along the old Wagon Road. The original plat contained 41 narrow and deep lots which lined the wagon road, called "Washington Street" on the plat. Alleys extended along the back end of the lots, defining the village's boundaries. Several cross streets—Lafayette, Bolivar, and Marion—divided the long rows of lots on the main road into blocks.<sup>3</sup>

Hugh Glenn and Henry Roland were living here at that time. Glenn had a store "in the heart of the village," but his home, now gone, appears to have been located at the southwest



South end of Washington Street looking north, with the watering trough to the left. A cement trough is currently in this location.

<sup>1</sup>Clay Catlett, *An Economic and Social Survey of Augusta County* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Record Extension Series XIII, January 1928), 19.

<sup>2</sup>Katherine Bushman, "Mt. Sidney—a brief history from 1826," in *Augusta Historical Bulletin* 19 (Fall 1983) 2:47.

<sup>3</sup>The plat appears in Augusta County Deed Book 109, page 105.



*The Mt. Sidney Methodist Church, organized in 1852. The church has undergone several remodelings. The shingled turret is reminiscent of late nineteenth century Victorian styles.*

plan is reminiscent of other stylish new Georgian buildings of this period and of the growing number of more permanent brick homes built in the first decade of the early nineteenth century. Its Flemish bond facade and molded brick cornice were popular features in the 1820s. Like other taverns along the old Wagon Road, it features an elongated facade. The brick store, also built by 1827, still remains immediately south of the tavern. This two-story building was also quite progressive for the region at the time. It incorporates the gable-end entrance that became so common in country stores of the nineteenth century, and it too displays a decorative cornice, but this time a houndstooth design.<sup>5</sup>

Within its first two years, village residents began to establish a variety of community resources. In 1827, the town fathers deeded the back part of lot eight (behind the later Town Hall) to the "Mt. Sidney Church." The building constructed here also served as the Mt. Sidney Academy, the town's first school. Mt. Sidney received a post office with its new name in 1829.<sup>6</sup>

In the early 1830s, only a few years after creating their new town, the two founders of the village were gone but the town was booming. Glenn went bankrupt in 1830 and died in 1833, but his third and last wife continued to reside in the town for many more years. Henry Roland, who had studied medicine, moved to Indiana by 1832. They left behind a village just beginning its initial growth spurt: by the year Roland moved, eighteen of the town lots had been improved with buildings, ranging in value from \$25 to the tavern valued at \$1,800.<sup>7</sup> Improvements to the old Wagon Road also helped spark the development of this new village, fueling strong and steady development during the early nineteenth century. In 1833, the new Valley Turnpike Company improved the old wagon road through Mt. Sidney, macadamizing the whole stretch from Winchester to Staunton.

By the 1830s, one observer described Mt. Sidney, "on the main stage road," as containing "30 dwelling houses, three miscellaneous stores, one handsome hotel, one house

corner of Washington Street and present-day Mt. Sidney School Lane. Roland owned a two-acre tract of land on the west side of Washington Street and north of Lafayette Street.<sup>4</sup>

The tax records of 1827 and 1828 reveal that Roland had several buildings on this tract. The oldest surviving building in town is the log core of the Shumake House, located on the corner of Washington and Lafayette Streets. Like other early buildings in Augusta County and the Shenandoah Valley, it began as a rectangular log structure with an exterior brick chimney. Later additions and modern siding have enclosed this early dwelling.

Roland speculated on the construction of a new brick tavern and a store located right in the center of town around 1827, when it first appears on the tax records. The tavern's symmetrical five-bay facade and central passage

of public worship, free for all denominations, a male and female academy, one tanyard, two saddlers, two boot and shoe factories, one hatter, one millinery, one cabinet and chair maker, and one pottery." Mt. Sidney boasted 190 residents, "of whom two are physicians," making it the second largest village in Augusta County.<sup>8</sup>

This description highlights the number and variety of craft shops in the community. One of these was the Watson pottery business, situated on the north end of Mt. Sidney, at the site of the present Ruritan Park. The Hotchkiss map of 1884 shows the kiln at the corner of present-day Buttermilk Springs Road and the alley, now known as Pottery Shop Lane. Conrad Watson, a Hagerstown, Maryland resident who had apprenticed in that community, moved to Mt. Sidney and opened this business by 1825. His sons, John W. Watson and Samuel Watson, joined him in the business, keeping the pottery active until around 1880. The Watsons produced redwares, many examples of which remain in the region today.<sup>9</sup>

Several of the commercial buildings from the antebellum period still remain. These include the one-story gable-entry frame store building owned by James Ross, just north of the present post office, and the small brick store building built by William Bruffey in the late 1840s but operated by Abner Shumake by the early 1850s. With three stores located in the same vicinity, this block of Washington Street served as the commercial core of the village. On the south end of the street, another brick tavern was built around 1852, and known locally as the Sue Hyde Tavern.

The oldest surviving church in Mt. Sidney dates from the antebellum period—the Mt. Sidney Methodist Church. The congregation purchased lot number three in 1852 and constructed a gable-entry, rectangular frame church building which has been remodeled several times. The church lot also had the first cemetery established in town; previously many of the burials for village residents had taken place on smaller family cemeteries outside the town plat. The oldest stones in the Methodist cemetery date from the 1850s.

The largest and most expensive of the surviving early homes in Mt. Sidney was built by one of the town's first doctors, Edward Moorman, who moved here from Lynchburg. Its location, in the commercial center of town, and its stylish character suggest Moorman's prominence or at least his aspirations in community life. His two-story, brick dwelling, constructed in 1835, is an excellent example of the Federal-style houses popular in the region's new building boom of the 1820s and 1830s, with the familiar Flemish bond facade and houndstooth cornice.

Two other brick dwellings remain from the decade of the 1830s. Similar to the Moorman House is the Markwood House, an 1834 two-



*One of the old Mt. Sidney Post Offices. This building is the brick store built by town founder, Henry Roland by 1828 in the middle of town.*

<sup>4</sup>Augusta County Tax Records, 1826-8.

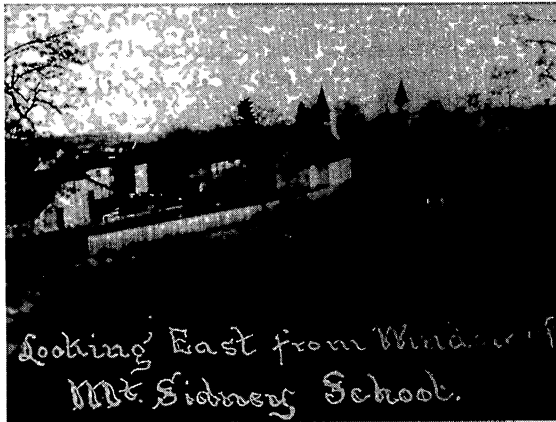
<sup>5</sup>Augusta County Tax Records, 1827 and 1828.

<sup>6</sup>Augusta County Tax Records, 1828; Bushman, 44.

<sup>7</sup>Augusta County Deed Books and Tax Books; Bushman, 43.

<sup>8</sup>Martin's *Gazetteer*, 318.

<sup>9</sup>W.E. Comstock, *Shenandoah Valley Pottery* (Winston-Salem, NC: Museum of Early Southern Decorative Arts, 1994) and Kurt Russ, "Exploring Western Virginia Potteries," in *MESDA Journal*, Winter 1995.

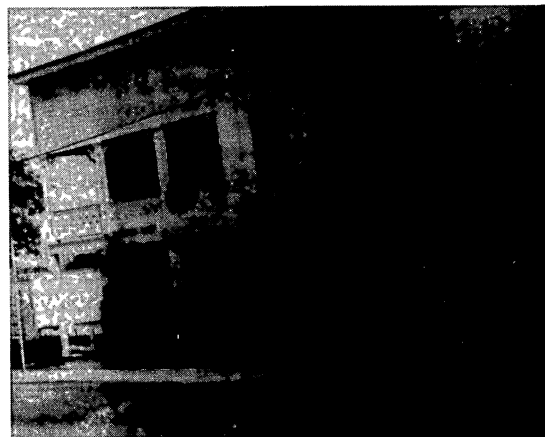


*A view of the south end of Mt. Sidney. Across from the Methodist Church, the St. James Lutheran Church is visible. Note the long lots along the main road, and the fences that enclose the back lots.*

House, built ca. 1840, and the Thomas Thompson House, dating to the 1840s or 1850s. Both display familiar local designs—rectangular plans, end chimneys, V-notched log notching, and three-bay facades—but the Thompson House is larger in plan and taller in elevation and has been divided into two rooms on each floor. Another example of this rectangular, two-room plan was the DePriest House, formerly situated on lot 34, behind the community water trough.

Brick construction largely disappeared in village dwellings by the 1840s and 1850s, and new houses were increasingly built of frame with Greek Revival detailing. The I-house—a symmetrical two-story dwelling with central entrance and passage and end chimneys—became particularly popular by the mid-nineteenth century. The five-bay William Bruffey House, constructed in 1855 north of the Methodist Church, is an excellent example of that type. The Sampson-Cribbons House, at the southwest corner of Washington and Lafayette Streets, dates from the same time but offers a slightly smaller and less ornate version of that plan.

Smaller two-room frame dwelling also began to appear increasingly in the years before the Civil War, although it is possible that this common type was present earlier but few remain. The Cook House, at the southeast corner of Washington and Bolivar Streets, illustrates this house type, which was quite common throughout the broader region. This type incorporated a three-bay facade with a central door, low second story elevation, a single exterior brick chimney serving the larger room, and Greek Revival woodwork inside.



*Ritchie's Store, 1890s. This store was located south of the present post office, in its present parking lot.*

story, three-bay brick dwelling built across the street. Although of smaller scale than Mr Moorman's house, it reflects the familiar features of this time: a Flemish bond facade, houndstooth cornice, and both Federal and Greek Revival influences in his woodwork. The Samuel Rankin House, built in 1832, is similar in its two-story rectangular plan, but it contains two front doors and a two-room plan, often found in the Shenandoah Valley in the antebellum period.

Mixed with the more pretentious brick houses were numerous smaller log dwellings. Two surviving examples are the James Ross

Mt. Sidney's water supply came from a spring west of the village, at the foot of Sidney Hill. Pipes carried the water to a brick springhouse behind the Moorman House and then to a wooden watering trough on the south end of town. The wooden trough—locally remembered as “the spout”—became a watering spot for residents, for travelers along the Valley Turnpike, and also for animals kept at the back of village lots. The old trough is gone, but it has been replaced by a cement one built in the 1930s when the road was widened.

Mt. Sidney continued to grow and prosper in the years after the Civil War. It remained a major center for business and trade in northern Augusta County due to its strategic location along the Valley Turnpike and along the new Baltimore and Ohio Railroad tracks constructed near the village. In 1874, the railroad opened a station just one half a mile east of Mt. Sidney, on the north end of town. By 1882, the population increased to 244 residents, when local historian John Lewis Peyton called Mt. Sidney “a highly prosperous village.”<sup>10</sup>

The business area still remained concentrated primarily along Washington Street in the block north of LaFayette Street in the 1880s, but it was updated with new businesses and stylish houses. In addition to the three earlier stores and the tavern—now called a “hotel”—this block contained the post office. Dr. Moorman's home now housed another prominent doctor, Dr. William Crawford. The Ritchie family opened a store in a new two-story frame building in the 1890s, across from Dr. Crawford's house. Millard Johnson established a furniture shop and planing mill in this block. Perhaps to flaunt his new business, Johnson built a fashionable Victorian house for his family in the 1890s, on the north side of the old hotel. There were several other businesses scattered throughout the town, including Mr. Bell's undertaking establishment; Watson and Flavin's tin shop, which produced metal roofing; and the Shumake blacksmith shop on the north end of town.

One of the best known craft shops in the community in the late nineteenth century was the cabinetmaking shop of Alexander Stuart Coffman. He began his practice by 1882, and the following year relocated his house and shop along the Valley Turnpike. He wanted more visibility, but he was careful not to locate the shop too close to the road where “a passer-by could stop and idle away his time.” Much of Coffman's furniture still remains in the community, from cabinets to beds, but he is most well known for a distinctive split-bottom chair design.<sup>11</sup>

At least four fraternal organizations met in Mt. Sidney in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The Odd Fellows Hall stood on the north end of town, built soon after 1873. The Grange, a national educational reform program, organized in Mt. Sidney in 1874, reflected the strong agricultural base of the region. The third organization was the Sons of Temperance, founded in the years before the Civil War, reflecting the national preoccupation with temperance in the mid- to late-nineteenth century. Between 1900 and 1905, the Junior Order of United American Mechanics (JOUAM) built the Town Hall with some of its own funds and some from “public subscription.” The first floor of the Town Hall served as a place for school plays, oyster suppers, and traveling road shows. The JOUAM held its meetings in the second floor room.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>10</sup>John Lewis Peyton, *History of Augusta County, Virginia* (reprinted by Bridgewater: C.J. Carrier Company, 1935), 269.

<sup>11</sup>George Lott, “Alexander Stuart Coffman, 1842-1910,” *The Chronicle of the Early American Industries Association* 48 (December 1995) 4:72.

<sup>12</sup>Nelson H. Fogle, “A History of Mt. Sidney, Virginia,” (unpublished manuscript in possession of Ralph S. Coffman, Mt. Sidney, Virginia, 1967), 25; Richard K. MacMaster, *Augusta County History, 1865-1950* (Staunton: Augusta County Historical Society, 1987), 107.

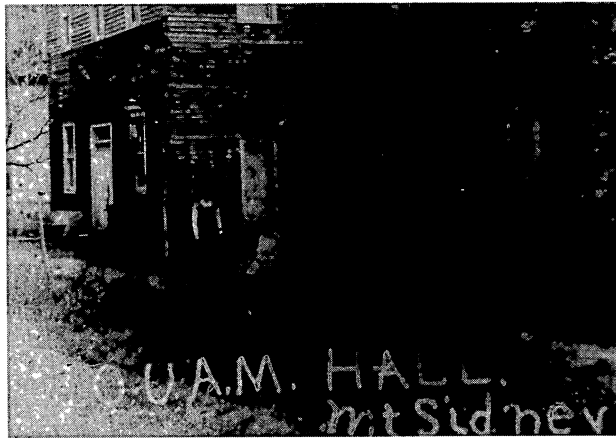
The map of Mt. Sidney in the *Hotchkiss Atlas of 1885* shows another important change in Mt. Sidney in the late nineteenth century—the growth of a sizeable black community. Tax records do not include any references to African-Americans owning town lots before the Civil War, but throughout the region, blacks moved to smaller towns and cities in the years following emancipation. The primary black neighborhood in 1885 was located south of Bolivar Street, on land outside the original town plat. Oral histories reveal that some mem-

bers of the black community worked in village homes, while others worked on farms in the area. One resident, “Pap” Clark, operated a threshing machine on neighboring farms.

Most of the houses were clustered around the African Methodist Episcopal Church. In the late 1860s or early 1870s, this congregation acquired the old log Salem Lutheran Church, located outside Mt. Sidney, and moved it to this site. The congregation remained active until 1966. The church also established a cemetery immediately behind it, the second cemetery in the village, and many gravestones and grave plantings remain. A second important institution for the black community was the school built on Seawright Springs Road, west of Mt. Sidney, by 1885. Even earlier accounts reveal the presence of a free-man’s school in Mt. Sidney immediately after the Civil War.<sup>13</sup>

The tax records reveal only a few references to African-American families owning lots within the original village plat. John Montgomery owned lot seven, north of the Town Hall, by 1880, and Hesten Venia acquired the back of lot eight between 1900 and 1905. The *Hotchkiss* map shows more black residents in the plat in 1885, most likely renting their houses. By the turn of the twentieth century, several black residents began to build homes along the alley behind the AME church. Unfortunately, the majority of these dwellings are now gone, leaving archaeological sites as one of the best sources of evidence about this important component of the Mt. Sidney community.<sup>14</sup>

The home of Reuben Taylor, a two-story log building on Mt. Sidney Schoolhouse Lane, is one of the only dwellings to survive from the black community. Based on tax records and descriptions of other houses now gone, Taylor’s house was larger and more commodious than most of the homes of Mt. Sidney’s black residents. Built by 1885, the Taylor House features a two-story elevation and a two-room plan, a plan reminiscent of Mt. Sidney’s earlier log homes and of the broader vernacular architecture of the region in the nineteenth century.



*The Junior Order of the United American Mechanics built this town hall around 1905. The lower level, which included a stage, served as a community meeting facility, while the JOUAM held its organizational meetings on the second floor.*

Community members built a second white church in Mt. Sidney in the late nineteenth century, directly across from the Methodist Church. Constructed in 1884, the St. James Lutheran Church shared a pastor with two neighboring Lutheran Churches. Although the one-story frame church building, so typical of its time, has been razed, the Lutheran parsonage still remains directly north of the old church site.

Public education gained increasing attention across the South in the late nineteenth century, and Mt. Sidney exemplifies this development. Before the Civil War, Virginia, like other southern states, did not have free public education. The new state constitution of 1870 mandated that communities build public schools and the state’s Literary Fund provided resources for their construction. By 1878, Mt. Sidney already had a grade school located in a two-story, white frame building. In 1914, the town built one of the first “modern” brick consolidated schools in the county. This two-story brick school echoes the two-story symmetrical style of the earlier I-houses in the village.

Houses built in Mt. Sidney during the late nineteenth century continued to reflect popular regional styles. The most common house type during these years was the frame I-house, now often with an integral rear ell featuring a one- or two-room plan. An excellent example of this design is the Mauzy-Rubeush House, built between 1896 and 1900, on the north end of town. The exterior chimneys found in the antebellum period have been moved inside, and now function as stove flues rather than fireplaces. Exterior decoration is minimal but most houses of this type had a front porch, often with some brackets or jigsawn work.

One of the most common stylistic additions to the I-house in this period was a front gable, and there are eight examples with this feature in the historic district. One of the more elaborate is the M.G. Bright House, which features shingles on the front gable and both side gables. In addition, the Bright House has an elaborate wooden porch with turned posts, balustrade, and spindle frieze, all typical of this time period.

While the majority of houses in Mt. Sidney had gabled roofs, several of the dwellings from this period feature hipped roofs. Some retain the familiar I-house plan, while others, like the William Shumake House of ca. 1905 incorporate a full Georgian plan—with a central hall and two rooms on each side.

Millard Johnson’s new Victorian design of ca. 1891-5 also appears to have set a standard for a more irregular and decorated dwelling style, but one still based on the two-story, central-passage plan. Several houses, like the Perry House or the W. F. Johnson House, copy the concept of pushing one of the bays of the house slightly forward and adorning this projection with bay windows and additional decoration, including cornice brackets and more jig-



*The Millard Johnson House, built in the early 1890s. Johnson owned the planing mill across the road from his house. This dwelling has also housed the post office (to the left side of the building) and a doctor’s office in the basement level.*

<sup>13</sup>Fogle, 16-17.

<sup>14</sup>Augusta County Tax Records, 1850-1929.

sawn and turned work in the porch. It is possible that Johnson's shop supplied some of this trim for this mini-building boom in the village at the turn of the twentieth century.

Only a few outbuildings survive from the antebellum period—including a wooden kitchen at the DePriest House site and a brick springhouse remaining behind the Moorman House. A greater number of outbuildings survive from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Many Mt. Sidney families kept animals at the back of their lots, including cows to milk, horses for travel, and chickens for eggs. Chicken houses survive on many lots, ranging from smaller and more traditional shed-like designs to the larger chicken house and octagonal brooder house behind the old Lutheran parsonage. Several stables remain in the village, the most visible being the gambrel-roofed example behind the old Sue Hyde Tavern. This stable has now been converted into a modern residence.

Mt. Sidney remained one of the leading rural villages in Augusta County well into the twentieth century, as Clay Catlett observed in his 1927 book. Community improvements abounded. The school added a new gymnasium in 1936, reflecting the growing focus on physical education in the curriculum. The Country Life Movement stressed the need for educational reforms that would improve the quality of rural living. In response to these reforms, Mt. Sidney added agricultural education courses in 1930, reflecting the growing national movement toward vocational education. With new programs in agricultural extension, community residents organized a 4-H club, which met monthly at the school, and a home demonstration club composed of women from the village and the surrounding farms. Several women and 4-H club members won regional and national recognition for their work. Home demonstration club member Nettie Shull won a county-wide home improvement contest for renovating her home along Washington Street.<sup>15</sup>

Mt. Sidney residents organized a bank in the early 1920s, opening in the brick wing to the old hotel. Although the bank was initially robbed by one of its first employees, investors were able to make a second and more successful start.<sup>16</sup>

The arrival of the automobile brought many changes in the village by the 1920s. The state purchased the old turnpike, converted it into a state road, and widened the road during the 1930s, as part of a Works Progress Administration project. As the road came closer to the houses, many of the porches, so common to nineteenth century Valley towns, disappeared. Garages began to appear along the road. The Wrenn family built a new filling station in the center of town by the 1920s, featuring a garage which was later converted to a lunch room with a juke box. Other gas stations and restaurants opened, catering to a booming tourist business along this major thoroughfare.<sup>17</sup>

By the 1920s, the Shenandoah Valley had become a popular tourist destination, as visitors came to experience the region's national beauty and tour its historic sites. Businesses appealed to the growing tourism population as well. Mrs. Sally Petrie's store on the north end of town featured a stuffed two-headed calf to attract business. Mrs. Craun opened a tourist home called "Tourist Haven" in her house on the south end of town. However, the increase in automobile traffic also meant that Mt. Sidney residents began to shop more in

specialized stores in Staunton or Harrisonburg, and some of the village's older stores closed their doors.

The houses built during the 1920s and 1930s reflect a transition from traditional to popular styles. While the Humphries House reflects the more traditional I-house plans, other houses, like the Watson House, draw from the increasingly popular four-square design. Mrs. Craun's tourist home shows the use of newly-popular terra cotta tile in a more stylish four-square plan. The bungalow style is articulated in the Shiplette House on the north end of town.

The years following World War II have witnessed even more growth and change in Mt. Sidney. Today, most of the businesses have moved outside the historic core of the village and are located either south or north of Mt. Sidney on U.S. Route 11. New subdivisions have been created on the west side of town. Several antique stores opened in the old part of the village, still catering to the tourist trade.

Although the village has lost its school, typically a key component in community life, Mt. Sidney still retains a strong community spirit. An example of that spirit can be found at the Mt. Sidney Ruritan Park, established on a three-acre tract on the old pottery site. The Ruritans purchased the land and built a picnic shelter and basketball court, while the Mt. Sidney Mothers' Club raised the funds to construct the playground equipment. Community residents enjoy the park throughout much of the year, for recreation and a variety of special events, including an annual community picnic and a community yard sale.

Mt. Sidney remains one of the best-preserved examples of the early turnpike towns created along the Valley Turnpike in the Shenandoah Valley. Although some of its earlier buildings have been lost, the community retains an excellent example of vernacular architecture from the early nineteenth century through the mid-twentieth century, illustrating plans and styles typical of the Shenandoah Valley. Through its buildings, Mt. Sidney tells many stories about the settlement of the region and about the development of commerce, industry, religion, education, and social and cultural life in the Shenandoah Valley.

*This essay is one of several products resulting from a cost-share survey grant with the Virginia Department of Historic Resources and sponsored at the local level by the Augusta County Historical Society. The goals of the grant were to research and document the historic village of Mt. Sidney and prepare a historic district nomination. Thanks are due to the DHR staff for support of this project. Also, the author would like to thank society members Nancy Sorrells, Lisa Hill Wilson, Katharine Brown, and the late Katherine Bushman for their help in the survey and research efforts and the many residents of Mt. Sidney who opened their doors to talk with me about their homes and the history of their village. Mt. Sidney residents Ralph Coffman and David McCaskey provided particularly valuable assistance whenever I had questions. Last, this project would not have been possible without the support of Augusta County Board of Supervisors and staff, especially supervisor Kay Frye and senior planner Becky Earhart, and the Mt. Sidney Ruritan Club, which hosted several events to help with the project efforts. All photographs are courtesy of Ralph S. Coffman, from his personal collection.*

<sup>15</sup>See Ann E. McCleary, "Shaping a New Role for the Rural Woman: Home Demonstration Clubs in Augusta County, Virginia, 1917-1940," (PhD dissertation, Brown University, 1996).

<sup>16</sup>Ralph S. Coffman, "History of Mt. Sidney," (unpublished manuscript prepared for Sunday School, Salem Lutheran Church, Mt. Sidney, Virginia, 11 December 1994), 1.

<sup>17</sup>Fogle, 27; Ralph S. Coffman, personal communication with author, July 1997.



# Index to Death Notices in the Staunton Spectator 1882

Copied by Anne C. Kidd

This newspaper was a four-page weekly publication. Names have been alphabetized by first letter of the surname. All towns and counties without state designations were located in Virginia.

Name of Deceased	Date of Death	Place of Death	Date of Paper
Arnold, Peddler	Sun week	nr Sewell Station, WV	10 Jan.
Addison, Henry	Sun	Georgetown, DC	24 Jan.
Atkinson, P.E., Mr.	Thursday	Pittsylvania Co.	7 & 14 Feb.
Akers, James B.	Nov. 1881	Montgomery Co.	7 Mar.
Anderson, L.G., Mrs.	Mon. last	Charlottesville	14 Mar.
Albright, John	30 Mar.	Rockingham Co.	11 Apr.
Arey, Jehilah A., Mrs.	6 Apr.	Rockingham Co.	18 Apr.
Andrew, Samuel	10 Apr.	Sangersville, Aug. Co.	25 Apr.
Anderson, Essie May	yesterday	nr Staunton	16 May
Argenbright, Bettie, Mrs.	9 May	Rockingham Co.	16 May
Aleshire, Henry	Sun	Page Co.	30 May
Allen, Fannie E., Mrs.	10 May	Charlottesville	6 June
Arbogast, Frankie	8 June	Pocahontas Co., WV	20 June
Addison, Joseph	Sun	Lunenburg Co.	18 July
Allen, Newton	last fall	Iowa	18 July
Anderson, Emma L.	10 July	Augusta Co.	25 July
Adams, Polly, Mrs.	22 Aug.	Parnassus	5 Sep.
Akers, son of Mr. Akers		nr Fishersville	19 Sep.
Allen, Lizzie M.	7 Sep.	nr Rockbridge Baths	19 Sep.
Alexander, James	6 Oct.	nr Hinton, WV	17 Oct.
Allen, B. M., Mrs.	16 Nov.	Fincastle	28 Nov.
Ancarrow, Henry	7 Dec.	nr Hinton, WV	12 Dec.
Anderson, Allie, Mrs.	1 Dec.	Greenbrier Co., WV	12 Dec.
Alsop, John W.	Sun	Bath Co.	26 Dec.
B_ford, Lemuel	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Baylo_d, Nelson, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Bibbs, Horace, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Babbitt, Adolphus, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Bickle, John A.	Fri.	Staunton	10 Jan.
Bransen, Levi, colored	Sat.	Staunton	10 Jan.
Bernard, Caroline Richings, Mrs.	Sat.	Richmond	17 Jan.
Bullock, Ex-Gov.	Tue.	Worcester, MA	24 Jan.
Belcher, Allen	Nov 1881	Kanawha Co., WV	24 Jan.
Brownlee, Mr.	3 Jan.	Rockbridge Co.	24 Jan.
Brownlee, Mrs.	6 Jan.	Rockbridge Co.	24 Jan.
Bolin, Thomas	Mon	Rockkbridge Co.	31 Jan.

Burton, Thos.	24 Jan.	nr Parnassus, Aug. Co.	31 Jan.
Boggs, Charles D., Dr.	22 Jan.	Pendleton Co., WV	31 Jan. & 7 Feb.
Bellows, Rev. Dr.	Mon.	New York	7 Feb.
Black, Samuel, colored	Wed.	Abingdon	7 Feb.
Buford, Pascal, Mrs.	Sun.	Bedford Co.	14 Feb.
Bruce, Thos. A.	2 Feb.	Waynesboro	14 Feb.
Bell, John J.	last Thur.	Culpeper	14 Feb.
Burke, Thomas	Sun.	Naked Creek	14 Feb.
Baughner, Perry H.	26 Jan.	nr Lacey Springs	14 Feb.
Brubeck, Jacob	(23 Feb.)	nr Greenville	28 Feb.
Burgess, James W.	recently	Ironton, Ohio	7 Mar.
Brown, Tazewell B.	4 Feb.	Holly Springs, MS	7 Mar.
Bowling, Eddie	2 Mar.	nr Verona	14 Mar.
Branner, Mariah, Mrs.	Tue.	Rockingham Co.	14 Mar.
Bushong, Perry A.	27 Feb.	Shenandoah Co.	14 Mar.
Boyle, Francis E., Rev.		Washington	21 Mar.
Butler, Frank	Sun.	Staunton	21 Mar.
Brown, Charles W.	Sat.	Staunton	21 Mar.
Buckey, Thos. W., Mrs.	Sun.	Lynchburg	28 Mar.
Boone, J. Henderson	16 Mar.	Greenbrier Co., WV	28 Mar.
Brooks, F. T., Dr.	Fri.	Richmond ?	11 Apr.
Botkin, James	last week	Highland Co.	18 Apr.
Bolen, Bessie Florence	24 Mar.	Warren Co.	18 Apr.
Byers, James T.	22 Apr.	Staunton	25 Apr.
Borst, P. B., Mr.	last week	Page Co.	2 May
Baldwin, John P.	4 Dec 1881	Rockbridge Co.	2 May
Boggs, Minnie Bryan, Mrs.	23 Apr.	Franklin, WV	2 May
Boggs, Charles, Dr.	last Jan.	Franklin, WV	2 May
Beery, Josiah	20 Apr.	Rockingham Co.	2 May
Boszell, S. S., Rev. Dr.	Thur.	Fauquier Co.	2 May
Bailey, Bob	last week	nr Wakefield	2 May
Burdett, John	10 May	Greenbrier Co., WV	16 May
Brown, Esterline, Mrs.	12 June	Lexington	20 June
Brennaman, son of Mr.	Fri.	Rockingham Co.	20 June
Berry, James	(28 June)	nr Newport	4 July
Baylor, David, Mrs.	Sun	nr West View	4 July
Burger, Louis	recently	Algiers, LA	11 July
Betting, William	Tue.	Brooklyn, NY	18 July
Burton, Virginia F.	9 July	Henrico Co.	25 July
Bucher, David Alexander	26 July	Staunton	8 & 15 Aug.
Brownlee, Jane, Mrs.	Aug.	nr. Greenville	22 Aug.
Bush, Wm.	5 Sep.	nr Waynesboro	12 Sep.
Byers, James P.	(1 Sep.)	Parnassus	12 Sep.
Brinkley, Margaret T.	13 Sep.	Bath Alum Springs	26 Sep.
Bear, Deborah	14 Sep.	Rockingham Co.	26 Sep.
Boyer, Nannie	19 Sep.	Rockingham Co.	10 Oct.
Brattan, Charles	5 Oct.	nr Hinton, WV	17 Oct.
Bosserman, Elizabeth, Mrs.	9 Oct.	Augusta Co.	17 Oct.
Beard, Thomas	8 Oct.	nr Greenville	17 Oct.
Burgandine, Margaret, Mrs.	(15 Oct.)	Augusta Co.	24 Oct.
Binaker, John	Tue.	nr New Market	24 Oct.
Brown, Isetta	Tue.	Staunton	31 Oct.
Bowman, Peter, Mrs.	24 Oct.	Rockingham Co.	31 Oct.
Bateman, Harry	Mon.	Rockingham Co.	14 Nov.



Bumgardner, Hugh Sheffey	3 Nov.	Staunton	14 Nov.
Brooks, William H.	Sat.	Richmond	21 Nov.
Burns, Frederick	22 Nov.	nr Waynesboro	28 Nov. & 8 Dec.
Coiner, Maggie Moffett	3 Jan.	Sherando	10 Jan.
Chapman, Chris, Mrs.	Fall of 1880	Texas	17 Jan.
Coffman, Magdalene, Mrs.	4 Jan.	Harrisonburg	17 Jan.
Coles, Floyd	Wed.	Albemarle Co.	24 Jan.
Cass, Willis	Jan.	Wellsboro, PA	24 Jan.
Cubbage, Emma, Mrs.	8 Jan.	Harrisonburg	24 Jan.
Carter, Creed		Amherst Co.	31 Jan.
Carper, John Buckner	last week	Indiana	7 Feb.
Collins, father of Mrs. Luckey	Fri.	Randolph Co., WV	7 Feb.
Cregar, Caroline, Mrs.	last week	nr Wytheville	7 Feb.
Coffman, Abigail, Mrs.	30 Jan.	Rockingham Co.	14 Feb.
Chamberlayne, John Hampden, Capt.	Sat.		21 Feb.
Clemmer, D(avid) F.	(18 Feb.)	Middlebrook	21 Feb.
Copenhaver, Regina, Mrs.	Wed.	Strasburg	28 Mar. & 4 Apr.
Cootes, Samuel	Sat.	Rockingham Co.	28 Mar.
Cravins, John, Dr.	12 Mar.	Daviess Co., MO	28 Mar.
Crosby, Sarah F., Mrs.	8 Mar.		28 Mar.
Christian, John W.	10 Mar.	Churchville	28 Mar.
Carneal, C. N., Mrs.	Sat.	Fauquier Co.	4 Apr.
Crow, Jane, Mrs.	Fri.	Greene Co.	4 Apr.
Click, C. C., Mr.	8 Apr.	Rockingham Co.	18 Apr.
Coffman, Erasmus, colored	Wed.	Augusta Co.	25 Apr. & May 2
Crane, T. J., Mr.	Sun.	Staunton	25 Apr.
Campbell, John	2 June	Highland Co.	13 June
Clark, George, colored	some wks ago	Lunenburg Co.	20 June
Clore, Curran L.	10 June	Covington	20 June
Coffman, Hannah, Mrs.	9 June	Greenbrier Co., WV	20 June
Coyner, Emma C., Mrs.	7 June	South English, IA	20 June
Clark, George W.	Thu.	Madison Co.	27 June
Carson, Abel	(18 June)	Mt. Solon	27 June
Cole, Henry	Wed.	Cincinnati, OH	4 July
Cole, Henry, Mrs.	Wed.	Cincinnati, OH	4 July
Cole, Nettie	Wd.	Cincinnati, OH	4 July
Crawford, Geo. W.	Mon.	Lexington	4 July
Clatterbuck, Eliza, Mrs.	Thu.	Rockingham Co.	11 July
Cupp, Elizabeth, Mrs.	10 July		18 July
Carson, Isaac	1843	Lewis Co., VA, now WV	18 July
Cupp, Frederick	24 Jan 1867		18 July
Cunningham, Robert	Wed.	Giles Co.	25 July
Curry, Robert	recently	Pocahontas Co., WV	25 July
Carson, Abel	18 June	Moscow, Augusta Co.	1 Aug.
Cox, Hannora, Mrs.	28 Sep.	Staunton	3 Oct.
Collins, Amanda, Mrs.	(23 Sep.)	buried Union Ch.	3 Oct.
Cowardin, James A.	Tue.	Richmond	28 Nov.
Cooper, William	7 Dec.	nr Hinton, WV	12 & 19 Dec.
Copeland, Hezekiah	recently	Fayette Co., WV	19 Dec.
Carwell, Virginia	14 Dec.	nr Hundley's Mill, Aug. Co.	26 Dec.
Doon, Cicero	Sat.	Hinton, WV	3 & 10 Jan.
Donald, Wm. A., Capt.	13 Feb.	Crimora Manganese Mines	21 Feb.

Durett, Robert	last Fri.	Albermarle Co.	14 Mar.
Donnally, George Taylor, Dr.	22 Apr.	Georgetown, KY	2 May
Dickinson, son of Dr. S. W.	Sun.	Louisa Co.	9 May
Drinkwater, Jas. E.	Tue.	Petersburg	16 May
Dodson, Horace B.	15 May	St. Louis, MO	23 May
Doyle, Anna, Mrs.	30 May	Highland Co.	6 June
Douglas, William		Shenandoah Co.	6 June
Dryden, John	Sat.	Charleston, WV	18 July
Doake, Betty W.	4 Sep.	nr Greenville	5 Sep.
Davidson, Jas. D.	Sat.	Lexington	17 Oct.
Dovel, R. M., Mrs.	29 Nov.	Page Co.	12 Dec.
Darman, Hiram	5 Dec.	Pocahontas Co., WV	19 Dec.
Defenbaugh, Lewis	18 Dec.	nr Churchville	26 Dec.
Estill, Ben	Mon.	Tazewell Co.	10 Jan.
Eades, Jane Catharine, Mrs.	23 Dec. 1881	nr Hinton, WV	10 Jan.
Eads, Joshua	Sat. wk	Monroe Co., WV	31 Jan.
Eidson, George H.	20 Jan.	Clay Co., TX	31 Jan.
Echols, Fannie	18 Mar.	nr Lewisburg, WV	28 Mar.
Eiler, William	Mon.	Rockingham Co.	18 Apr.
Eakle, J. D., Mr.	18 Apr.	nr New Hope	25 Apr.
Emmerson, Ralph Waldo	Thu	Concord, MA	2 May
Eye, Betsy, Mrs.	25 Apr.	Highland Co.	2 May
Edmiston, Alice, Mrs.	24 Apr.	Lewisburg, WV	2 May
Ebbard, Samuel	28 Apr.	Rockbridge Co.	9 May
Ellyson, Moses	Sun	Richmond	27 June
Edmunds, Sterling E.	Mon.	Halifax Co.	11 July
Estill, Charles P., Capt.	Tue.	Huntsville, AL	15 Aug.
Eagle, George	29 Aug.	Bridgewater	5 Sep.
England, Alexander V.	Fri.	Bremo Bluff	21 Nov.
Early, Charlotte, Mrs.	Nov.	Rockbridge Co.	5 Dec.
Edwards, Lucy B., Mrs.	3 Dec.	Monroe Co., WV	12 Dec.
Fox, Wm.	Christmas Day	Lexington	10 Jan.
Fillber, John	Mon	nr Cameron, WV	10 Jan.
Fridley, Harriet	25 Dec 1881	Rockbridge Co.	10 Jan.
Ferguson, Eliza Jane, Mrs.	3 Jan.	Waynesboro	10 Jan.
Fouke, Christine C.	Wed.	Charlestown, WV	17 Jan.
Fairfax, Orlando, Dr.	Thu	Richmond	17 Jan.
Fowler, Joe, colored	Sat. wk	Monroe Co., WV	31 Jan.
Fadely, Mary	Mon.	Rockingham Co.	7 Feb.
Fadely, Julia	Mon.	Rockingham Co.	7 Feb.
Fox, John W., colored	Wed.	Augusta Co.	14 Mar.
Sometimes called Jackson			
Feury, Mrs.	15 Mar.	Alleghany Co.	21 Mar.
Fuqua, Miss	Thu	Bedford Co.	28 Mar.
Fisk, Mary E., Mrs.	24 Mar.	Baltimore, MD	4 Apr.
Fisk, James, Mrs.	Sun	Greenbrier Co., WV	18 Apr.
Fishback, Sallie	8 Apr.	Augusta or Rockingham	18 Apr.
Frye, Cornelius	Wed.	Liberty Furnace	27 June
Figgatt, James Madison	recently	Fincastle	4 July
Frank, setpson of Prof. De Valley	Thu	Roanoke Co.	4 July
Figgatt, Stewart Haskel	5 July	nr Craigsville	25 July
Fisher, James C.	29 July	Mint Spring	8 Aug.

Few, Stephen J.	8 Aug.	Rockingham Co.	22 Aug.
Fleisher, Andrew, Mrs.	12 Nov.	Highland Co.	21 Nov.
Forbes, Wm.	Tue.	Staunton	28 Nov.
Faulkner, A. M.	Mon.	Orange Co.	26 Dec.
Gallagher, John Shannon	4 Jan.	Charlestown, WV	10 Jan.
Gregory, Girord, Mr.	3 Jan.	Staunton	10 Jan.
Gum, Polly, Mrs.	1 Jan.	Highland Co.	10 Jan.
Glendy, Elizabeth, Mrs.	12 Jan.	Hinton, WV	17 & 24 Jan.
Gibbs, Rebecca, Mrs.	Sun.	nr Harrisonburg	17 Jan.
Grigsby, William	Wed.	Winchester	17 Jan.
Given, Elizabeth, Mrs.	6 Jan.	Alleghany Co.	24 Jan.
Gilkeson, Margaret	17 Jan.	nr Folly Mills	24 Jan.
Grey, son of Armistead, colored		Powhatan Co.	31 Jan.
Griffith, dau of Mrs. John	Mon.	Dry Run	31 Jan.
Glemm, Jacob	20 Oct. 1881	Norfolk	14 Feb.
Gravely, B. F., Mr.	23 Feb.	at his residence	28 Feb.
Green, Nimrod H.	(21 Feb.)	nr Greenville	28 Feb.
Gibson, Nelson	Sat week	Fauquier Co.	14 Mar.
Gregory, Girard S.	Dec 1881		14 Mar.
Golladay, Samuel	27 Feb.	Shenandoah Co.	14 Mar.
Grove, Edward F.	Fri.	Staunton	21 Mar.
Gilliland, Hazel, Mrs.	1_th Mar.	Alleghany Co. ?	21 Mar.
Gentry, Sarah, Mrs.	22 Mar.	nr Staunton	28 Mar.
Gibson, Grace M., Mrs.	28 Mar.	Rockbridge Co.	18 Apr.
Greaver, T. S., "Ted"	last wk	Charleston, WV	9 May
Gregory, Nicholas, Mrs.	Sun.	Staunton	16 May
Gleason, Hillary J.	Sun.	Lynchburg	23 May
Garber, Martin, Rev.	last wk	nr New Hope	23 May
Glendy, Robert J.	12 May	Bath Co.	23 May
Greavous, Lena, colored	Wed	Staunton	13 June
Gannaway, Thomas	yesterday	Staunton	13 June
Guiteau, Charles J.	Fri.	Washington, DC	27 June
Groff, James	Thu.	nr Summit Point, WV	11 July
Guthrie, Alice	5 July	nr Fishersville	11 July
Gibson, Albert	Sun.	Gordonsville	18 July
Goodwin, Robert Mason	9 July	nr Fishersville	25 July
Gordon, J. N., Dr.	Thu.	Harrisonburg	1 Aug.
Gordon, Mollie B.	20 July	nr Deerfield	1 Aug.
Greene, Annie Lewis	3 Aug.	nr Staunton	8 Aug.
Gilliam, Eliza Ann, Mrs.	27 July	nr Mt. Crawford	8 Aug.
George, Horace Wayt	Sun.	Charlottesville	15 Aug.
Graham, Wm. C.	Wed.	Old Commonwealth News	22 Aug.
Greaver, George, Sen'r.	Sat.	nr Staunton	22 Aug.
Gray, R. C., Mr.	Fri.	Surry Co.	29 Aug.
Greaver, Eliza J., Mrs.	6 Apr.	nr Swoope's Depot	7 Nov.
Glenn, Mollie	27 Nov.	Staunton	5 Dec.
Goheen, Patrick	7 Dec.	nr Hinton, WV	12 Dec.
Gillespie, L. L., Mrs.	25 Nov.	Jefferson, PA	19 Dec.
Gibbons, Fannie	23 Dec 1881	nr Ashland, KY	3 Jan.
Gibbons, Robert	27 Dec. 1881	nr Ashland, KY	3 Jan.
Hasty, Patrick, Rev. Father	Wed.	Norfolk	3 Jan.
Hart, Schuyler A., Dr.	Thu.	nr Keswick	17 Jan.

Hart, Joanna, Mrs.	Sat.	Frederick Co.	17 Jan.
Henkel, John T.	Sun.	Shenandoah Co.	17 Jan.
Hardesty, Isaac	Sat.	Wheeling, WV	31 Jan.
Hawkins, Nancy, Mrs.	Wed.	Culpeper Co.	7 Feb.
Hanger, Mary, Mrs.	27 Jan.	nr Koiner's Store	7 Feb.
Hunter, John M.	28 Jan.	nr Waynesboro	7 Feb.
Hall, Wm. H., Capt.		Lynchburg	14 Feb.
Hall, Nancy, Mrs.	8 Feb.	on South River	14 Feb.
Huff, John M., Capt.	20 Feb.	nr Churchville	7 Mar.
Helphinstine, Eva M.	8 Mar.	Winchester	21 Mar.
Hodge, Julia A., Mrs.	25 Feb.	Tama Co., IA	21 Mar.
Halk, Wm., Jr.	Sat.	Hinton, WV	21 Mar.
Howard, Sabina Frances, Mrs.	3 Mar.	nr Ronceverte, WV	28 Mar.
Hocker, Barbara	Fr.	Lancaster, PA	4 Apr.
Hanger, J. Dorsey	3 wks ago	nr Crimora Mines	4 Apr.
Holback, Peter, colored	last wk	Augusta Co.	18 Apr.
Hamilton, George W.	8 Apr.	Alleghany Co.	11 Apr.
Hyde, A. W. C., Mr.	Sun.	Rockbridge Co.	25 Apr.
Hoge, V., Mrs.	21 Apr.	Martinsburg, WV	2 May
Hull, Irvin B.	Sat.	Monroe Co., WV	9 May
Hamman, William	last wk	Tom's Brook	9 May
Hilbery, J. W. "Jack"	Sat.	Winchester	9 May
Henkel, Solon P. C., Dr.	Sun.	Shenandoah Co.	23 May
Horn, Jacob	7 May	Rockbridge Co.	23 May
Hughes, Emma	20 May	Alleghany Co.	30 May
Hanger, Marion Casper	10 June	Churchville	13 June
Hotchkiss, D. W., Supervisor		Windsor, NY	20 June
Helsley,	Wed.	Liberty Furnace	27 June
Holmes, Charles G.	Thu.	Findlay, IL	27 June
Hawk, Rep. 5th Dist., III	Thu.	Washington, DC	4 July
Hensley, M.	recently	Nicholas Co., WV	4 July
Hardy, T. H., Mr.	Mon.	nr Natural Bridge	4 July
Hutcheson, Charles	Mon.	Waynesboro	11 July
Howard, Samuel, colored	Tue.	Lynchburg	18 July
Hamilton, John	last wk	nr West Augusta	25 July
Hollar, John Paul	5 July	Augusta Co.	25 July
Harrison, Cary Randolph	Tue.	nr Wytheville	25 July
Haines, Lillian, Mrs.	10 Aug.	Staunton	15 Aug.
Hogshead, Ann, Mrs.	30 July	nr Sangersville	15 Aug.
Huffman, Wm. Jr.	11 Aug.	Monroe Co., WV	22 Aug.
Hill, Benjamin H.	Wed.	Atlanta, GA	22 Aug.
Hoge, Jas. W., Judge	Sat.	Wingfield, WV	22 Aug.
Hickman, Reuben	5 Aug.	Monroe Co., WV	22 Aug.
Harman, Bledsoe Desha, Col.	20 Aug.	Washington, DC	29 Aug.
Huffman, John, Rev.	Sat.	Page Co.	5 Sep.
Hogsett, John M.	29 Aug.	nr Lexington	5 Sep.
Hicks, M. E., Mrs.	recently	Bedford Co.	12 Sep.
Hoover, Wm. P.	(10 Sep.)	nr Swoope's Depot	19 Sep.
Herring, Josephine B.	17 Sep.	nr Bridgewater	26 Sep.
Harnsburger, Jerry	6 Oct.	Rockingham Co.	24 Oct.
Herring, Rethuel	12 Oct.	nr Spring Hill	31 Oct.
Hounihan, Kate	8 Nov.	Staunton	21 Nov.
Houston, Margaret, Mrs.		Mt. Sidney	21 Nov.
Herron, Andrew S., Gen.	28 Nov.	Louisiana	5 Dec.

Hopkins, David R., Maj.	24 Nov.	Harriston	5 Dec.
Hanger, son of Mr.	26 Nov.	Bell's Valley	5 & 26 Dec.
Hevener, J. G., Mrs.	27 Nov.	Highland Co.	5 Dec.
Heiser, Kate	2 Dec.	Waynesboro	12 Dec.
Hill, Samuel, Mrs.	few days ago	Accomac Co.	26 Dec.
Hanger, Ottie	14 Dec.	Bell's Valley	26 Dec.
Harshberger, Jacob, Mrs.	19 Dec.	Rockingham Co.	26 Dec.
Isom, James	Sun.	Madison Co., KY	10 Jan.
Ingraham, Robert	recently	Surry Co.	31 Jan.
Ivy, Alma	Wed.	Staunton	28 Mar.
Irving, Junius Finley	27 June	ne of Waynesboro	11 July
Irvine, Maria B., Mrs.	20 July	Deerfield	25 July
Jarvis, John, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Johnson, Joe, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Jennings, Lee, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Jackson, Albert, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Johnson, Nellie, Mrs.	7 Jan.	Monroe Co., WV	17 Jan.
Jones, Charles N. "Bonny"	Sun.	Nuttallsburg, WV	31 Jan.
Johnson, Mary	30 Jan.	Greenbrier Co., WV	7 Feb.
Johnston, dau of Frederick	Thu.	Rockbridge Co.	14, 21, 28 Mar.
Jones, James	Sat.	nr Craigsville	14 Mar.
Johnston, Mary D.	Thu.	Rockbridge Co.	21 Mar.
Johnson, 6-yr. old dau of Mr.	Wed.	Alleghany Co.	11 Apr.
James, Jesse	Mon.	St. Joseph, MO	11 Apr.
Johnston, 17-yr. dau of Mr.	last wk	Clifton Forge	9 May
Johnston, 8-yr. son of Mr.	last wk	Clifton Forge	9 May
Johnston, Eliza G., Mrs.	30 Apr.	Staunton	9 May
Jones, Letitia, Mrs.	28 Apr.	Lewisburg, WV	9 May
Joseph, Charles W.	5 May	Lexington	16 May
Jackson, Robert F., Rev.	Fri.	Petersburg	20 June
Johnson, John, colored	Mon.	Rock Hill, SC	20 June
Jones, Mary	recently	Danville, IL	27 June
Jones, John	Thu.	Milton, WV	19 Sep.
Jones, Henry	few days ago	Mecklenburg Co.	28 Nov.
Jacobs, Melvin	9 Nov.	Chicago Div B&O RR	28 Nov.
Jones, Robert S.	Fri.	Charlottesville	19 Dec.
Kerse, Eddie	Mon.	King Wm. Co.	3 Jan.
Kinney, dau of Bell, colored	Sat.	Augusta Co.	10 Jan.
Kiracofe, James A.	20 Jan.	nr Parnassas	31 Jan.
Keller, Emma, Mrs.	8 Jan.	Woodstock	24 Jan.
Keith, Isham		Lewis Co., KY	7 Feb.
Kimmerly, William	Mon wk	Wheeling, WV	14 Feb.
Kice, Celia L.	25 Feb.	Staunton	28 Feb.
Keller, Mary, Mrs.	2 Mar.	nr Lowell, WV	14 Mar.
Kane, Thos.	Sat.	Richmond	4 Apr.
Kelley, T. S., Mr.	last wk	Greenbrier Co., WV	25 Apr.
Kennedy, John	Sat.	Hinton, WV	4 July
Kite, Catherine, Mrs.	26 June	Page Co.	11 July
Ker, J. Alexander	17 July	New Hope	25 July
Kinney, Mollie	11 July	Deerfield	25 July
Ker, David	26 July	nr Summerdean	8 Aug.

Koebler, Geo. M.	Mon.	Albemarle Co.	22 Aug.
Kerr, Ernest Lee	12 Aug.	Summerdean	22 Aug.
Keran, Wm. M.	17 Aug.	Mt. Sidney	22 Aug.
Kelley, Ann, Mrs.	Sat.	Rockbridge Co.	5 Sep.
Keran, Wm. M.	10 Aug.	Mt. Sidney	3 Oct.
Kerr, John P., Dr.	26 Oct.	Hardy Co., WV	31 Oct.
Kennedy, Mary, Mrs.	Wed.	Harrisonburg	7 Nov.
Kirkpatrick, Jas. P.	18 Nov.	Lexington	28 Nov.
Kirby, Lou, Miss	Sat.	Waynesboro	12 Dec.
Karicofe, Bessie	Thu.	Highland Co.	12 Dec.
Ker, Anna Bell	2 Dec.	Staunton	12 Dec.
Keyton, Thomas	Sat.	Port Republic	26 Dec.
Land, Love, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Lewis, Robert	30 Dec. 1881	nr Minden, LA	10 Jan.
Lewis, Eliza, Mrs.	Fri.	Winchester	17 Jan.
Livic, Charles Elder	24 Jan.	Churchville	24 Jan.
Larkins, William	Tue.	Shenandoah Co.	31 Jan.
Lacy, Oscar, colored	Mon.	Staunton	31 Jan.
Luckey, Mr., colored	Fri.	Randolph Co., WV	7 Feb.
Lipop, Joseph W.	last wk	Charlottesville	14 Feb.
Logan, Samuel W.	18 Jan.	Rockbridge Co.	14 Feb.
Lackland, E. M., Mr.	last wk	Jefferson Co., WV	14 Mar.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	Fri.	Cambridge, MA	28 Mar.
Livesay, Washington, Mrs.	last wk	Greenbrier Co., WV	4 Apr.
Lyons, J. J., Judge	Wed.	Gilmer, TX	11 Apr.
Lee, Leroy M., Rev. Dr.	Fri.	Hanover Co.	25 Apr.
Leyburn, Wm. C.	26 Feb.	Los Angeles, CA	25 Apr.
Lewis, Jackson	last wk	Orange Co.	2 May
Lindsay, Annie, Mrs.	last wk	Rockingham Co.	2 May
Loftland, Madison, Mrs.	Sat.	Bridgewater	13 June
Luck, dau of Capt. Nathan	Sun.	Bedford Co.	20 June
Lohr, Cartharine	6 June	Rockingham Co.	20 June
Lyman, Emmett Ivison	13 June	Norfolk	20 June
Logan, Maria	16 May		27 June
Lipscomb, John P., Dr.	Apr.	Danville	11 July
Lincoln, Abraham, Mrs.	Sun.	Springfield, IL	18 July
Lightner, Adam	10 July	Highland Co.	18 July
Long, Conrad	Tue.	Rockingham Co.	25 July
Linaweaver, Lucy A., Mrs.	11 July	Rockingham Co.	25 July
Latane, Juliet Janet, Mrs.	20 June	Essex Co.	8 Aug.
Lancaster, Julia A., Mrs.	25 Aug.	Staunton	29 Aug.
Long, Fannie, Mrs.	23 Sep.	Albemarle Co.	10 Oct.
Landis, D. H., Rev.	Sun.	Rockingham Co.	14 Nov.
Lewis, Andrew, Gen.	Tue.	Bedford Co.	28 Nov.
Lushbaugh, George Edward	10 Dec.	Augusta Co.	19 Dec.
Lushbaugh, Maggie May	12 Dec.	Augusta Co.	19 Dec.
Lyons, James	Mon.	Richmond	26 Dec.
Laird, Frank	Sat.	on Richmond & Alleghany RR	26 Dec.
Leech, C. C.	Sun.	Bath Co.	26 Dec.
Loving, Alonzo	Sun.	Bath Co.	26 Dec.
Mitchell, Henry	Sat.	nr Jeffersonville, IN	10 Jan.

Maloney, Tom	Wed.	nr Buchanan	10 Jan.
Mahony, Timothy	last wk	Rockbridge Co.	10 Jan.
Minnick, Jacob	30 Dec. 1881	Plains Mill, Rockingham Co.	10 Jan.
Markins, Peter	last wk	Arkansas	17 Jan.
Myers, William	Wed.	Kanawha, WV	17 Jan.
Munford, Wythe F., Gen.	Mon.	Richmond	17 Jan.
McNeil, Daniel R.	30 Dec. 1881	Hardy Co., WV	17 Jan.
Miller, Charles, Mrs.	Fri.	nr Newton, Frederick Co.	17 Jan.
McGee, Edward	Tue.	Charleston, WV	24 Jan.
McGrann, Mrs.	last wk	Lancaster, PA	24 Jan.
McFarland, Francis, Dr.	10 Oct. 1871		31 Jan.
McCown, R. C., Mr.	26 Jan.	nr Rockbridge Baths	7 Feb.
Martin, Edward	Sun.	Buchanan	14 Feb.
Morris, Lizzie	12 Feb.	Staunton	14 Feb.
Morris, Sarah E.	12 Feb.	Staunton	21 Feb.
Morris, Lucy R., Mrs.	8 Feb.	Staunton	14 Feb.
Massie, John O.	7 Mar.	Albemarle Co.	14 Mar. & 3 Oct.
Massie, John O., Mrs.	7 Mar.	Albemarle Co.	14 Mar. & 3 Oct.
Maddy, dau of E. J.	recently	Summers Co., WV	28 Mar.
Marsilliott, T. M., Mr.	23 Mar.	Richmond	28 Mar.
McWilliams, Mr.	Sat.	Summers Co., WV	28 Mar. & 4 Apr.
Moyerhoeffer, Barbara A., Mrs.	9 Mar.	Rockingham Co.	28 Mar.
McTeer, J. M., Mrs.	recently	Wythe Co.	4 Apr.
Minter, Andrew Jackson	Thu.	Piedmont, WV	25 Apr.
Monroe, Henry	9 Apr.	Highland Co.	25 Apr.
Malcomb, C., Mrs.	15 Apr.	Highland Co.	2 May
Moomaw, Mary, Mrs.	20 Apr.	Botetourt Co.	9 May
Maynard, Horace, Hon.	3 May	Knoxville, TN	9 May
Miller, Franklin	Tue.	Rappahannock Co.	16 May
Miller, John	few days before	Rappahannock Co.	16 May
Miller, Nicholas	9 May	Rockingham Co.	16 May
Moore, Lydia M.	7 May	Greenbrier Co., WV	16 May
McDaniel, Wm.	Fri.	Monroe Co., WV	30 May
Mann, Cornelius, Mrs.	19 May	Monroe Co., WV	30 May
Madison, M. Roberts, Miss	21 May	Newport, Augusta Co.	30 May
Mahone, 3 yr old child of Chas.		South River nr Waynesboro	6 June
Mitchell, Sylvester	31 May	Augusta Co.	13 May
Melhorn, Susan, Mrs.	2 June	Woodstock	13 June
Maddox, Jefferson Davis	20 or 27 June	Augusta Co.	20 June
Mills, Allie	recently	Danville, IL	27 June
McIlhany, Ann, Mrs.	4 July	Warrenton	11 July
Miller, Juliet, Mrs.	14 July	nr Old Augusta Stone Ch.	18 July
Miller, George Franklin Newton	9 July	nr New Hebron Ch.	18 July
McKay, Margaret	last wk	Warren Co.	25 July
Moncure, Richard C. L., Judge	Fri.	Stafford Co.	29 Aug.
McChesney, Sallie G., Mrs.	21 Aug.	Charleston, WV	29 Aug.
Moore, William W.	29 Aug.	Rockbridge Co.	5 Sep.
Milway, Sophia, Mrs.	29 Aug.	nr Sibling Springs	12 Sep.
Milnweg, Sophia, Mrs.	30 Aug.	nr Stribling Springs	12 Sep.
Miller, Elizabeth, Mrs.	29 June	Rockingham Co.	19 Sep.
McClure, Jane, Mrs.	18 Sep.	nr Greenville	19 Sep.
Massie, John O., Mr. & Mrs.	some mons. since	Albemarle Co.	26 Sep.
Milnes, John, Jr.	18 Sep.	Shenandoah Iron Works	26 Sep. & 10 Oct.
Monroe, Joshua		Michigan	3 Oct.

McCreery, Fred	Sat.	Kanawha Co., WV	3 Oct.
Myers, Samuel	Sat.	Rockingham Co.	3 Oct.
McGlamery, Ann Eliza	Mon.	bur Union Church	3 Oct.
Moran, Amanda, Mrs.	22 Sep.	Monroe Co., WV	3 Oct.
Munday, John	22 Sep.	Greene Co.	10 Oct.
Milnes, Thos. J.	Thur.	Page Co. ?	10 Oct.
Mann, Wm. A.	Tue.	Greenbrier Co., WV	7 Nov.
McKay, Nannie	28 Oct.	Augusta Co.	7 Nov.
Mitchell, Andrew J.	Fri.	Goochland Co.	28 Nov.
McCorkle, Alex. G.	21 Nov.	nr Clarksburg, WV	28 Nov.
McNeal, James, Sr.	26 Nov.	Washington Co.	12 Dec.
Mason, Elmonia, Mrs.	4 Dec.	Richmond	12 Dec.
Moffett, W. M.	Dec.	Waynesboro	26 Dec.
Nicholson, N. B., Mrs.	Mon.	Chesterfield Co.	24 Jan.
Neal, Harwood, Mrs.	Sun..	Parkersburg, WV	24 Jan.
Nicholas, Robert	8 Apr.	Highland Co.	18 Apr.
Nether, George	Sun.	Bath Co.	26 Dec.
O'Keefe, John R.	Thu.	Richmond	28 Mar.
Obenchain, son of Z. T.	Tue.	Buchanan	4 Apr.
O'Keefe, Daniel	Wed.	Richmond	25 Apr.
O'Brien, Ruth T., Mrs.	10 Apr.	Greenbrier Co., WV	25 Apr.
Oglie, Mary	recently	Danville, IL	27 June
O'Rork, Clarence Allen	5 Aug.	Augusta Co.	8 & 15 Aug.
Obenschain, Marcus D., Mrs.	few days ago	Botetourt Co.	22 Aug.
Opie, Ann S., Mrs.	28 Sep.	Baltimore, MD	3 Oct.
Odell, Betsey, Mrs.	4 Oct.	Nicholas Co., WV	17 Oct.
O'Keefe, John	Sat.	Winifrede Coal Works	28 Nov.
Ould, Robert, Judge	Fri.	Richmond	28 Nov.
O'Neal, J. E.	Sun.	Bath Co.	26 Dec.
Parker, Jackson, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Price, Maria, Mrs.	1881	bur in Thornrose Cemetery	10 Jan.
Patterson, Jane C., Mrs.	Sun.	Charlottesville	17 Jan.
Potter, Clarkson N.	Mon.	New York City	31 Jan.
Patterson, R. A., Mrs.	13 Jan.	KY	31 Jan.
Parker, Mr.		Franklin Co., WV	7 Feb.
Payne, James F.	Fri.	Lynchburg	7 Feb.
Palmer, Sallie H.	26 Jan.	Arbor Hill	7 Feb.
Parker, Eliza, Mrs.	Sun.	Staunton	7 Feb.
Pizzini, Andrew	Sun.	Richmond	14 Feb.
Pilson, Lavinia E., Mrs.	(14 Feb.)	Augusta Co.	21 Feb.
Patton, James F., Hon.	Fri.	Wheeling, WV	4 Apr.
Pilson, W. H., Dr.	yesterday	New Hope	11 Apr.
Payne, Thomas B.	Mon.	Staunton	25 Apr.
Plumer, E. Douglas, Mrs.	Fri. wk	Alleghany Co., PA	25 Apr.
Patterson, Jas. F.	27 Apr.	Staunton	2 May
Peck, William	last wk	nr Fincastle	9 & 16 May
Poole, Wm., colored	Thu.	Princess Anne Co.	16 May
Peterfish, J. M., Mr.	20 May	nr Waynesboro	23 May
Points, Mary J., Mrs.	22 May	Staunton	30 May
Plunkett, Jas. T.	23 May	Staunton	30 May
Powers, Elizabeth, Mrs.	23 May	Lexington	30 May

Pace, E. H., Mrs.	18 May	Covington	6 June
Potter, Bettie, colored	Sat.	Staunton	13 June
Poisal, John, Rev.	Sun.	Baltimore, MD	27 June
Peters, James, colored	few wks ago	Rockbridge Co.	27 June
Parke, Bessie	17 June	Union, WV	27 June
Price, Nannie Clark	11 July	Lewisburg, WV	18 July
Pare, Thomas	4 Aug.	Lewisburg, WV	15 Aug.
Pforr, Geo.	14 Aug.	Staunton	15 Aug.
Preston, Sallie Lewis, Mrs.	31 July	Lewisburg, WV	15 Aug.
Patterson, Edna Lee	12 Aug.	Monterey	22 Aug.
Paul, Samuel, Capt.	(7 Oct.)	Augusta Co.	10 Oct.
Priest, Mollie, Mrs.	29 Sep.	nr Rushville	10 Oct.
Pierce, Carrie B.	25 Sep.	nr Barren Ridge	17 Oct.
Pattison, Robert H., Rev.	7 yrs. ago	probably MD	14 Nov.
Price, A. H., Rev.	3 Nov.	Savannah, GA	14 Nov.
Plunkett, Thos. B.	Wed.	Lexington	19 Dec.
Rice, Martha, Mrs.	5 Dec. 1881	Rockingham Co.	10 Jan.
Rives, Wm. C., Mrs.	Mon.	Albermarle Co.	31 Jan.
Randolph, Lucy Nelson, Mrs.	last wk	Clarke Co.	14 Feb.
Riffey, Mary Ann, Mrs.	Sun. last	Roanoke Co.	7 Mar.
Ridenour, Daniel	8 Mar.	Shenandoah Co.	21 Mar.
Robinson, Burwell	Mon.	Montgomery Co.	28 Mar.
Robinson, James	Sun.	Greene Co.	4 Apr.
Rohr, Frank, Mrs.	last wk	Clifton Forge	23 May
Richardson, James T.	last Thu.	Alleghany Co.	23 May
Ramsay, George D., Gen.	Tue.		30 May
Rogers, Wm. B., Prof.	Tue.	Boston, MA	6 June
Rhodes, Jacob N.	Sun.	Lexington	13 June
Rodgers, Emma, Mrs.	Sun.	Philadelphia, PA	11 July
Robinson, Meredith	Sat.	nr Warrenton	18 July
Ryan, Thos. W.	Sat.	Shenandoah Co.	22 Aug.
Reedy, Eliza Jane	19 Aug.	nr Singer's Glen	29 Aug.
Reeves, George A., Hon.	5 Sep.	Texas	12 Sep.
Rhodes, James	yesterday	Charlottesville	3 Oct.
Richardson, Sallie Brown, Mrs.	6 Oct.	Staunton	31 Oct.
Rhodes, Jackson	19 Dec.	Mt. Crawford	26 Dec.
Staples, James, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Smith, Ben, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Starke, Nelson, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Sadler, John D., Mrs.	Tue.	Alleghany Co.	10 Jan.
Seybert, John W.	31 Dec. 1881	Crab Bottom	10 Jan.
Supple, John R.	1 Jan.	Greenville	10 Jan.
Snapp, Modie H.	21 Dec. 1881	Churchville	10 Jan.
Correction Kanupp			17 Jan.
Correction Kanupp			24 Jan.
Sharp, T. O., Capt.	Sat.	Hinton, WV	17 Jan.
Swaim, Michael	Tue.	west of Krouts Station, WV	17 Jan.
Shaver, Nannie H., Mrs.	8 Jan.	Arcola, MO	24 Jan.
Scott, Archibald, Rev.	4 Mar. or Dec.	nr Bethel Ch ?	31 Jan.
Seitz, William		Bridgement, CT	7 Feb.
Slemeker, Junius	6 Feb.	Staunton	7 Feb.
Soteldo, A. M.	Sat.	Washington, DC	14 Feb.

Stout, James M.	(17 Feb. 1882)	New Hope	21 Feb.
Smith, Thomas	Sun last	nr Cannelton, WV	14 Mar.
Siple, John	7 Mar.	nr Franklin, WV	14 Mar.
Smock, Jacob	1 Mar.	Rockingham Co.	14 Mar.
Scott, I. B., Rev.	2 Mar.	nr Lowell, WV	14 Mar.
Shipman, James C., Maj.	20 Dec. 1881	Amador Co., CA	28 Mar.
Stevens, Jos. M., Capt.	Thu.	nr Middleburg	28 Mar.
Sprague, Hattie, Mrs.	19 Mar.	Cherryfield, ME	28 Mar.
Scott, Laura B., Mrs.	18 Mar.	nr Lewisburg, WV	28 Mar.
Stabler, Jennie Latham, Mrs.	Fri.	Lynchburg	4 Apr.
Smith, Ida Greeley, Mrs.	Tue.	New York State	18 Apr.
Seybert, Zebulon	7 Apr.	Highland Co.	18 Apr.
Sheets, Sallie Bell	2 Apr.	nr Mt. Pizgah Ch	25 Apr.
Sandy, Mary, Mrs.	9 Apr.	Rockingham Co.	25 Apr.
Strickler, Jos. B.	Sat. wk	Lynchburg	16 May
Shumake, Patty A., Mrs.	18 May	Mt. Sidney	23 May
Snider, Elizabeth, Mrs.	11 May	Res. of son, John D.	23 May
Schmitt, Jane, Mrs.	Fri.	Staunton	20 June
Stuart, Nannie, Mrs.	12 June	Greenbrier Co., WV	20 June
Seasency, Charles G.	Thu.	Findlay, IL	27 June
Seymour, Alexander	2 July	Charleston, WV	11 July
Sterrett, Emma Holman	8 July	Irvinwood	11 July
Scott, Levi, Bishop	Thu.	Odessa, DE	18 July
Smith, Rosa P., Mrs.	Sat.	Lynchburg	1 Aug.
Simmonson, Philip, Captain	Thu.	nr Smithfield	1 Aug.
Scott, John S.	Tue.	Prince Edward Co.	15 Aug.
Siders, Catharine, Mrs.	2 Aug.	Lexington ?	15 Aug.
Schad, Andrew, Prof.	12 Aug.	Baltimore, MD	22 Aug.
Senger, Daniel	14 Aug.	nr Sangersville	22 Aug.
Sheets, Emily, Mrs.	23 Aug.	Parnassus	5 Sep.
Scott, Robert	5 Sep.	Lynchburg	12 Sep.
Stevenson, A., Mr.	Tue.	Roanoke	19 Sep.
Snapp, Bessie, Mrs.	6 Sep.	Rockbridge Co.	19 Sep.
Swope, Hugh	12 Sep.	Rockingham Co.	26 Sep.
Sipe, Wm. P.	27 Sep.	Rockingham Co.	10 Oct.
Sale, J. C., Dr.	14 Oct.	Kanawha Co., WV	24 Oct.
Shaeffer, Daniel	Mon.	New Market	24 Oct.
Stephenson, Glenn Odessa	last wk	Keysville	14 Nov.
Statham, Clifford	Sun.	Lynchburg	28 Nov.
Sheets, Samuel M.	7 Nov.	Rockingham Co.	28 Nov.
Sheets, John Philip	7 Nov.	Rockingham Co.	28 Nov.
Silling, Andrew J.	(22 Nov.)	nr Moscow	28 Nov.
Slaughter, P. H., Mr.	Sun.	King William Co.	28 Nov.
Steel, Ellen E., Mrs.	15 Nov.	Bell's Valley	28 Nov.
Smith, Chas. Friend	2 Dec.	Leesburg	12 Dec.
Smith, Mary G., Mrs.	28 Nov.	nr Lewisburg, WV	12 Dec.
Sterrett, Wm. G.	Thu.	Staunton	19 Dec.
Smelizer, Anna	7 Dec.	Staunton	19 Dec.
Smelizer, Wirt	2 Dec.	Staunton	19 Dec.
Sullivan, Winfield, Mrs.	17 Dec.	Harrisonburg	26 Dec.
Thomas, Emma Carrico	23 Dec. 1881	nr Ashland, KY	3 Jan.
Taylor, Shepherd, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Tyler, Charles, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.

Thomas, Lewis	10 Jan.	Monroe Co., WV	24 Jan.
Taylor, William C.	Sat.	Baltimore, MD	7 Feb.
Trenary, John F.	21 Feb.		28 Feb.
Thomas, Earnest	Tue.	Bedford Co.	28 Mar.
Tyler, C. H., Col.	17 Mar.	Rockingham Co.	28 Mar.
Turpin, Thomas E.	8 Apr.	Alleghany Co.	18 Apr.
Trout, John	17 Apr.	Roanoke Co.	23 Apr.
Thompson, Horatio, Rev.	Sat.	Timber Ridge	9 May
Teaford, Harrison H.	2 Apr.	nr Arbor Hill	9 & 23 May
Thompson, A. R.	Tue.	Brooklyn, NY	16 May
Tardy, Wm. J.	10 May	Rockbridge Co.	23 May
Thomas, W. A., Mr.	18 June	Botetourt Co.	4 July
Thomas, Benjamin F.	Sat.	Rockingham Co.	4 July
Taliaferro, Annie, Mrs.	9 July	Harrisonburg	18 July
Taylor, Mary Glover	20 June	Orange Co., FL	25 July
Todd, Samuel	7 Mar. 1862	Battle of Shiloh	1 Aug.
Tillman, Flora		Fort Wayne, IN	1 Aug.
Thompson, Alfred	19 July	Harrisonburg	1 Aug.
Teawalt, Samuel	30 July	Shenandoah Co.	8 Aug.
Trimble, E. A., Gilkerson, Mrs.			15 Aug.
Templeton, Osborne W.	recently	nr Staunton	12 Sep.
Thomason, Letitia J.	17 Sep.	nr Greenville	26 Sep.
Thomas, James, Jr.	Sun.	Richmond	10 Oct.
Talley, Raymond	Tue.	bur St. John's Ch.	24 Oct.
Thompson, Jane A.	28 Sep.	Collinsville, IL	24 Oct.
Towberman, John D.	6 Oct.	nr New Hope	31 Oct.
Trice, Dr.	8 Oct.	Pembrose, KY	31 Oct.
Tyree, Bessie	29 Nov.	Staunton	5 Dec.
Thomas, John	19 Feb.	Summers Co., WV	31 Jan. & 7 Feb.
Umholtz, Edward	last wk	Gratz, PA	7 Feb.
Vance, James N., Rev.	recently	Mississippi	10 Jan.
Van Pelt, Sarah, Mrs.	Sun.	Harrisonburg	28 Mar.
Vawter, Julia, Mrs.	6 Mar.	Monroe Co., WV	28 Mar.
Vanderbilt, Cornelius	Sun.	New York City	4 Apr.
Vick, James		Rochester, NY	23 May
Veitch, Eldridge M., Mrs.	15 July	Pond Gap	25 July
Vest, Charles	Sat.	Rockbridge Co.	21 Nov.
Varner, John A.	10 Nov.	Highland Co.	21 Nov.
Wilson, Alexander, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Watkins, Samuel, colored	Mon.	King William Co.	3 Jan.
Walker, Mrs. Rev. W. W.	recently	Westmoreland Co.	10 Jan.
Wooten, John	1 Dec. 1881	nr Milton, WV	10 Jan.
Webster, Daniel, colored	recently	Philadelphia, PA	10 Jan.
Walker, Jacob, Mrs.		nr Frederick City, PA	17 Jan.
Wilhite, Albert	15 Dec. 1881	nr Cross Keys	17 Jan.
Wilmot, Jas. R.	17 Jan.	Lancaster, KY	24 Jan.
Wilmot, Jas. R., Mrs.	17 Jan.	Lancaster, KY	24 Jan.
Watsen, Ann, Mrs.	Mon.	Richmond	24 Jan.
Whitmore, John	21 Jan.	Rockbridge Co.	31 Jan.
Wilt, Leana	Mon.	Rockingham Co.	7 Feb.
Witt, D. A., Mrs.	12 Jan.	Fishersville	7 Feb.

Williams, Floyd	27 Jan.	Mercer Co., WV	7 Feb.
Wilson, W. A.	Thu.	Rockbridge Co.	21 Feb.
Wise, Henry A.	Tue.	Cristfield, MD	14 Feb.
Webster, Daniel, Mrs.	Sun wk	New Rochelle, NY	7 Mar.
Walker, Wm.	1 Mar.	Chatham	7 Mar.
Wheatly, Wm.	Sat.	Alleghany Co.	28 Mar.
Wright, Doak, colored	Fri.	Chatham	4 Apr.
Wertenbaker, Wm.	Fri.		11 Apr.
Williams, Dr.	Fri.	Shenandoah Co. ?	18 Apr.
Woods, Mary, Mrs.	Mon.	Highland Co.	25 Apr.
Wrenn, Mrs.	Thu.	Spotsylvania Co.	2 May
Watson, Daniel A., Dr.		Albemarle Co.	2 May
Woodin, John	22 Apr.	Highland Co.	2 May
Wright, E. R.	9 May	Staunton	16 May
Ward, Evermont, Judge	16 May	Guyandorpe, WV	23 May
Watson, Mary S., Mrs.	last night	Mt. Sidney	23 May
Watson, Elizabeth, Mrs.	last night	Mt. Sidney	30 May
Wyant, Elijah Clerk	22 May	nr Big Bend Tunnel	6 June
Waybright, Ben	Tue.	Highland Co.	13 June
Warner, Luther	24 May	Fayette Co., WV	13 June
Wilson, John	Thu.	Findlay, IL	27 June
Woody, Mayo	few days ago	nr Gordonsville	27 June
Weeks, Wm.	23 June	Rockbridge Co.	27 June
Weeks, John	23 June	Rockbridge Co.	27 June
Wharton, James	2 July	Charleston, WV	11 July
Wheeler, Mary Jane	18 June	nr New Hope	11 July
Wiley, Robert M., Col.		Craig Co. ?	25 July
Williams, L. A., Mrs.	Sat.	Warrenton, NC	8 Aug.
Watson, John W.	Sun.	Luray	22 Aug.
Whitle, William Tams	15 Aug.	Staunton	22 Aug.
Whitmore, Mary C.	16 Aug.	Rockingham Co.	5 Sep.
Walters, Thomas W.	last wk	Charlottesville	12 Sep.
Wells, Mary, Mrs.	23 Sep.	Greenbrier Co., WV	10 Oct.
Welch, Phoebe, Mrs.	6 Oct.	Greenbrier Co., WV	17 Oct.
Woodson, Jane, colored	Mon.	Staunton	24 Oct.
Williams,	Fri.	Maiden's Adventure	21 Oct.
Wines, Alpheus	Tue.	Fauquier Co.	28 Nov.
Weed, Thurlow	Wed.	New York City	28 Nov.
Wehn, Geo. W.	(8 Dec.)	nr Staunton	12 Dec.
Wilson, Leigh	recently	Kentucky	19 Dec.
Young, Mary B., Mrs.	20 Dec. 1881	Greenbrier Co., WV	10 Jan.
Yeager, Ann E., Mrs.	14 Mar.	Staunton	21 Mar.
Yauck, Thomas	8 Apr.	Staunton	11 Apr.
Young, Ann Angell, Mrs.	recently	Salt Lake City, UT	11 July
Yeatts, W. H.	Fri.	Pittsylvania Co.	8 Aug.
Young, Geo. K., Dr.	3 Aug.	Galveston, TX	15 Aug.
Young, David Steele	9 Nov.	Staunton	14 Nov.
Young, James W.	Tue.	nr Fredericksburg	28 Nov.

Dates of some of deaths in *Staunton Spectator* were given as: last week, a day of the week, recently, etc. Where possible the actual date has been substituted. These appear in parenthesis and were taken from Margaret C. Reese's *Abstract of Augusta County, Virginia Death Registers 1853-1896*.



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